



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

HX
86
.M17
1905

A

488796

DUPL



HX

86

111

1905

THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF LABOR



BY

W. J. McSWEENEY.

• • •

Price, 10 Cents.

• • •

CHICAGO:
KERWIN BROTHERS, PRINTERS
1905

MULES

Trainers and Riders

A PARABLE
By W. J. McSWEENEY

A powerful exposition of the class struggle, vividly showing the alliance of the clergy with the capitalist class in economic disturbances.

Pregnant with Humor, Sarcasm, Common Sense and
Unvarnished Facts

Large, clear type, twelve pages.
Send 6 cents in stamps to

KERWIN BROS.

302 Dearborn St., Chicago.

THE
RIGHTS AND WRONGS
OF
LABOR

BY
W. J. McSWEENEY.

Copyright 1901, by W. J. McSweeney

CHICAGO:
KERWIN BROTHERS, PRINTERS
1905

HX
46
1117
1905

WHAT THEY SAY

REGARDING McSWEENEY'S GREAT BOOK

THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF LABOR

EUGENE V. DEBS

The treatise on "The Rights and Wrongs of Labor" from the pen of our old and much loved Comrade, W. J. McSweeney, should be read and carried in the inside pocket of every wage worker. It is a flaming torch held aloft by an old workingman, in the light of which his enslaved class can see how their pockets are picked, by whom, and how to stop the robbery.

Those who know the author need not be told that it is a unique production. The living principles of Socialism are stated with such clearness that the dullest mind can grasp them; while the sombre facts of industrial slavery are marshalled in startling review. Alternating flashes of wit and sarcasm illumine the pages and hold the interest of the reader to "The End."

A. S. EDWARDS

McSweeney's book, "The Rights and Wrongs of Labor," presents the interests of the working class from the standpoint of a Socialist and a Trades Unionist, and does it in such a way as to convince every man that the writer has done a good piece of work for the cause he advocates.

Without the literary style of the author of "Merrie England," like that writer's productions it is in a class all by itself among American Socialist productions. It is packed with facts, brightened by fun, enlivened by stories and bristling with arguments.

7-7-14
1-2-42
166+3

The Rights and Wrongs of Labor.



D 1171
7-7-14

UCH has been said and written for and against Socialism. The great writers, thinkers and students, the world over, have endorsed its principles, and we find the well-paid professor, the man of cloth in the pulpit, and the grafting politician oppose it. The churches are frantically fighting Socialism as well as free school-books, at the present time, in Chicago; but the people are taking good care of the college professor as well as the man of cloth. They are getting some very cute as well as funny fish stories for all this care of their shepherd. They are told about heavenly mansions in the skies; they are told that their master can no more go to heaven than a donkey can go through the eye of a needle. They are told that when they die the gates of heaven will be open, there will be no questions asked and no ticket required. An attendant will show them to the wing-room, fit on a pair that will not hurt or chafe their shoulders, take a spin around, visit their old friends and comrades who get there ahead of them for no other reason than that they were meek and lowly, were willing to work for ninety cents a day and did not disturb the business of their masters.

Then size up the average newspaper man who is fighting Socialism for his pay. Do they know much? No, very little; as a great many of them don't know whether Bryan carried Canada

for 16 to 1 or not. And it is a fact which cannot be denied that no great intellectual characters, no broad-minded thinkers and students of economics are in the newspaper business in this country.

They are, as a general rule, selfish, greedy, unscrupulous, untruthful and dishonest.

The next great opponent of Socialism is the politician; but as I intend to deal with this class and thoroughly expose their rascality in subsequent chapters, I will just say here that they are an ignorant, low-lived class, who would work for anybody for money; they would work for Socialism if they could get more pay than they do from the owning class, but they would not be worth one penny a day fighting on the side of the people, as they are not thinkers, students or writers, but are an unscrupulous gang of vultures who are ready to steal, lie, cheat and deceive at any and all times to further their own interests. Great meetings, conferences and banquets are being called from time to time by the ruling or owning class for the special purpose of combating or riddling the Socialist armor. Did you ever notice how systematically those little lackeys of capitalism try to attack Socialism, and all use the same argument at the same time as well as drop it and try something new when the string is pulled? As you well know, my friend, the dividing up string has been pulled and played on the capitalist banjo until there is neither noise nor music left. Not that this string has not done good work for the plutes in the past, as indeed it has. It has caused many a long-eared jasper who has the lordly income of a dollar a day to say that he did not want to divide up the contents of his tin can with anybody; but the danger line was reached by the master class, when through a notice on the factory door, declaring a suspension, a strike, or lockout, and the dollar-a-day man found his tin can being thoroughly aired to take the musty smell off, while his stomach was being thoroughly renovated and cleansed of all the impure and dangerous ingredients that had accumulated in the past; time hung heavy on his hands, he met some dangerous and discontented Socialists who

told him for the first time that his master was both robbing and fooling him. He started to read and think and became in the exact condition of the boy who believed in Santa Claus no longer. But if you will put this dividing-up tune to a severe test and examine it closely, is it even strong from the side of capitalism? No, on the contrary, it is very weak. You say "What do you mean?" I mean this, that if they happen to reverse this argument and accuse the Socialists of being a cold-hearted, uncharitable lot of mortals who want to keep everything they produce to themselves and let the old and the young, the decrepit and the insane, starve while they are willing to give charity and alms, as well as dance at charity balls and invest the profits in wooden legs for war heroes who fought for the glories of their flag and Morgan's country, their argument would be stronger. Of course while the wealth of this country was in a good many hands, the dividing-up tune took nicely with a great many people. But if Socialism actually meant dividing up instead of putting a stop to this brutal and one-sided dividing-up system we are living under now, as it will very soon, it would not work with the people in the future, as only Morgan and a few of his comrades in the branch with him will have anything to divide.

Just think of telling a full-grown man who has been shaved by a barber as well as having been shaved by every other schemer whose pockets as well as his stomach are empty, who has nothing and never will as long as this system lasts, that there is a danger of him having to divide up with the other fellow. Even the good party man who has been voting his ticket straight for thirty years, and who has risen to the exalted position of getting soup and beans in exchange for his labor, would laugh at such nonsensical clap-trap.

Yes, this dividing-up bugaboo has been dropped by the capitalists. They found that the figures issued by this government showed that the worker received one-tenth of the wealth he produced in the shape and name of wages and that this dividing up

was so glaring, not to speak of downright robbery, that they tried another string. This new string is called the incentive string, and is called the very latest tune given on the capitalist's banjo. It seems to have a very fair run at the present time, especially among the highly protected seventy-five-cents-a-day man in Pennsylvania. It is even popular among Morgan ninety-cent-tagged heroes. A little intellectual midget called a professor, in the City of Chicago, has written a book against Socialism which deals entirely with incentive. He says in the "opening chapter" that if the working-men of this country would spend less on food and wear cheaper clothing he would be all right. Now you will see at a glance that this receipt should be made plain, as there is a danger of a wrong class trying it, and in that way ruin business and spoil the workingman's economy. As there are but three classes of people in the world, namely: workingmen, beggars and thieves. Now, if you are a beggar or a thief you don't have to economize, as you can eat and drink all you can lay hands on, and the more you eat the better, as in that way you will help the workingman by eating up what he has saved, then he will be sure of plenty of work. The factory will always be open, there will be no over-production or panics, no strikes or lockouts, and all will be happiness. The beggar and thief will be in clover and the workingman will be as happy as if he had him, even though he has to live on pig's feet to get there. To be sure that the wrong class don't try the above receipt it might be well to state here that if you are in the tramp class you are a beggar. If you are in the Morgan class you are a thief. Now be sure of your class, as you can see that if a beggar or a thief should start any economy foolishness it would spoil the whole arrangement.

I would like to ask this little intellectual hireling if he would be willing to reverse his cure-all receipt for the working-man's happiness? As the workingman's great curse the world over is now and ever has been, that he has not used enough of the wealth he has produced. Suppose the producer could live on five

cents a day, don't you think that five cents would be the standard wages? Certainly. If you doubt it just look at the inhabitants of China. They are the most economical people in the world, and the poorest pig-tailed John will work nineteen out of twenty-four hours, lie down in his tracks when he needs a nap, spend two cents a day on rice and opium. And two cents a day is the standard wages in that country! Yes, the amount that it takes to feed and clothe this miserable commodity, called a workingman, the world over has regulated his wages.

What a blessing it would be to humanity if the workingman could not produce unless he wore a suit of the most expensive broadcloth and changed his clothes six times a day, had to live in the most expensive brown-stone mansion and drink champaign three times a day. If it was impossible for him to produce wealth without those things would he have them? Why, yes. Why don't he have them? Because the master class has found out that it was possible for him to produce wealth without them. If he would use all those things there would be no panics, no shutdowns or suspensions, no strikes or lock-outs, no misery, rags or tears; no foreign markets or balance of trade in our favor; no robbery or murder the world over as you see to-day in trying to dispose of a vast amount of wealth which has been produced by a class and has voted to give all away to an organized gang of thieves. But then you know he has the honor of being called a good party man, as he has been voting the Democrat or Republican ticket straight all his life. And if you asked him to study or vote for Socialism, which would establish justice and abolish wage slavery, he will tell you that he don't believe in taking politics into his union; that he saw by the newspaper that third parties were nothing but foolishness anyhow, that there was no chance for the Socialist ticket to win and that he did not want to lose his vote. But let me ask my ninety-cent-a-day friend if he would be any worse off if he never voted? No; and let me say right here that I think he would be better off, as it can be proven beyond

a shadow of a doubt that this form of government was started with a clean-cut conspiracy to make a sham patriot, a voting king and a slave of the workingman at the same time.

If he had to carry only the burdens of wage slavery he would be better off. As in all probability the owning class would be more charitable to him than he has been to himself.

Was there a workingman delegate in the Constitutional Convention? No, not one. That was funny, was it not? Were they smart enough? Yes. Were they in the majority? Yes. Was it an accident that they were left out?

No, there was no equality and none intended. And indeed it could not be established under the competitive or wage system; if you will but stop to think. Suppose that every man, woman and child had one million dollars apiece, not a cent more or less, when this government was formed. Could one man hire another for wages? No. All right. That would be equality? Yes.

Now, we will suppose that all money was banished and not a man, woman or child had a penny; would that not be equality also? Could any man hire another for wages then? No. Now, you free coinage and gold standard hero, you can see very plainly that the only way in which it was possible to establish the wage system or put it in operation was by giving some people privileges which were denied to others. This illustration shows very plainly that you must have a ruling class under the competitive system. Special privileges, robbery, murder and exploitation are the very foundation stones of this system, and the man who is crying and mouthing against our ruling class and voting for this system, is little better than a knave or fool. But, mind you, you are told by the men of cloth in the pulpit that whenever you speak of the constitution you should turn your eyes towards the heavenly regions and think of nothing but angels and their wings. The paid hirings of capitalism tell you that all men's eyes would be the same color under Socialism; that we would all have to eat meat rare; that all men's names would be John; that when we traveled around

THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF LABOR.

we would all be going to the Northwest; that if a man wanted to eat dandelions for his dinner he would be compelled to eat turkey and that we would all look exactly alike. But they forget to state whether we would look like Morgan or his ninety cents worth of raw material, called a workingman, in the steel plant. I would like to know. Wouldn't you? As it certainly makes a big difference to us.

I don't know that I would object to look like Morgan when he is paying for that thousand-dollar cabin to Europe, but I would certainly object to in any way resembling the workingman when his earthly possessions are thrown on the street for non-payment of rent. No, the incentive tune won't work; it is very weak and clumsy and it don't even have to be held up to the light of day to detect its deception. Indeed, I have thought that this would be a better string in the capitalist's banjo if reversed, and I will now say without any hesitation that if reversed it would be harder for the Socialist to combat. If the owning class happened to think of it in time they would in all probability have reversed it. Suppose they said that there would be too much incentive under Socialism; that men, women and children would be fighting and eating each other like dogs in mad competition for those medals, ribbons and decorations given to them for deeds of bravery by society; that a man cannot be induced to risk his life for anything but the applause of the community, and that the reason that we were getting along so nicely now was that there were only a money incentive, and men were never known to lose their heads over money. Don't you think this would be a better song for the Plutes to sing? Yes, and they might say that the only objection they had to Socialism was for fear we would hurt each other so that we could not work and they would have to feed us.

Morgan has a man, Friday, at Yale College who has written a book against Socialism. He wants to know who would own the corner lots under Socialism. Now if this fellow was shrewd he would say that he objected to Socialism because corner lots would

be done away with entirely, and that would ruin real estate; that prices would drop and big fortunes would be lost in a night; that the people would get using and wasting so much valuable land under Socialism; that there would be but one house in a block, and of course all would be corner lots, which would be very rough on the landlords. He is also afraid that the sewers would go to the dogs under Socialism. Well, they are going to the dogs this year, 1901, in Chicago.

Mayor Carter Harrison says, "that the big corporations just refuse to pay their taxes; that the city and state are bankrupt, so that there can be nobody hired to clean the sewers at the present time."

Under Socialism the sewers would be cleaned without money. There would be more pleasure in cleaning sewers under Socialism than in working in an office. The great electric machines controlled by the people would do the work. There would be patent appliances for doing away with a" disagreeable odors. We would put machines into the sewers instead of men, as now. The machine operator as well as the great electric van attendant could wear the finest broadcloth, white shirt and patent shoes. Suppose he said there would be a rush for sewer work under Socialism; that it would be a system when labor would carry all the honors; that every man would want to be called a laborer; that the laborer would claim the credit for inaugurating such a grand system and that an official or clerical position would be a constant reminder of the old brutal or competitive system and for that reason would be shunned and despised by all, just as the slave owner had a horror of being called master after the war. Such argument as this would be far more logical. No, there would be no lack of incentive under Socialism as even under this system men are doing more for applause and empty honors than they are for money. If you doubt this just notice the professional men as well as a great many other high-salaried officials who throw up their positions and their practice for the honor of stopping Spanish bullets in

Cuba at forty-two cents a day. They did this because they wanted applause, but what a great opportunity there would be for heroes under Socialism! It would not be necessary to kill men for them to be heroes as you see it now. Men who raise h—l are heroes now, while men who raised wheat would be heroes then. A man would not be a hero under Socialism because he sailed in to Manila harbor so early in the morning that the people were yet asleep, and without going through the formality of waking them up, slaughter them in cold blood in their bunks. Then we were very particular and anxious to see that his hands were covered with human gore before we made a hero of him when he came back.

Morgan's paid professor says that one man could do so much more than another under Socialism that it would be unjust to give them both the same amount; that there would be no justice in such a proposition; that the fellow which can do the most is entitled to more than the other fellow. Well, suppose we decide to give the brainy fellows more than others less fortunate under Socialism. Let us see how it would work. We will suppose that Smith and Jones are working in a chair factory. Smith can make five chairs in a day while Jones can make but three. Society might come to Smith and say: "Now, Citizen Smith you are a very strong and brainy man; you can make two chairs a day more than Jones. We have decided that you should have more chairs than you have been getting. We will admit that Jones is entitled to the use of chairs as well as other things that he needs; so we will give you some extra chairs to keep." Now, Smith would, in all probability, say "that you have no right to impose new burdens on me. I have no earthly use for surplus chairs, as I am only interested in making and sitting on them. If there are surplus chairs just regulate the hours of labor in this department and in that way you will benefit me. Or give me a medal for bravery as it will help me to capture the affections of a young lady I love. Besides, if there are extra chairs to take care of, Jones should be compelled to do that, as he is not as brainy as I am."

Now I ask the man who is opposed to Socialism how he would settle this matter. Would he compel Smith to take more chairs than he wanted or would he compel Jones to sit on the floor? Now, sir, you are up against it, as you must favor one or the other, and I ask you, answer this question like a man. But let be say here that if it was necessary to enslave and impoverish Jones so that Smith could make five chairs in a day and hold on to his incentive, the sooner his chairs, incentive and himself are banished from the earth the better. Yes; that this system has not only banished incentives, but degraded and brutalized humanity, is true. It has turned the man out of the factory, the mine and the mill and put the baby in his place.

We are told that the cannibal of old preferred the blood and bones of women and children to men's, as they were softer and sweeter; and as far as the commercial cannibals of to-day are concerned, history is repeating itself. As the blood and bones of thousands are now being used as raw material for the rulers' grist-mill.

A report was circulated in New York a short time ago that babies were being overworked and abused in the great Borden mills at Fall River Mass. The New York World investigated the case. Listen to a part of the report: "We found babies from six to ten years old, naked in the great coloring vats; stamping the prints with their bare feet. The dye came down from a sprinkler overhead, which literally covered the babies that did the prancing. Some babies were yellow, some green, some blue, according to the color of dye used in the vats. Each morning the foreman put a blue baby in a blue vat, and so on. The doctors of Fall River said that the colors could never be gotten out of their skin. The manager said that it was necessary to have human feet to stamp the prints as anything else would stain the cloth. They worked them ten hours a day and paid them from \$2 to \$2.50 a week, and their fathers brought the children's and their mothers' dinners to the mill." The same paper investigated the condition of the coal

miners in Pennsylvania in the summer of 1900. And these words appear in the report: "Thousands of men were seen at five o'clock in the morning carrying two babies, one on their back and one on their arm, all three of them hungry, going down in those earthly h—ls and slaughter houses called coal mines, where a half million people have been suffering for food and shelter for the past fifteen years." What do you think of this, you long-eared voting Jasper? Is this the country you are told so glibly by the Fourth of July orators that your fathers bled and died for? Is this the country where the stars from its flag have been transferred to the crown of its money kings and the stripes to the backs of his slaves? Is this the country you are expected to be a hero and fight for?

I must here tell of a little incident that occurred to the writer during the Cuban war. Strange as it will seem and sound, I have a great many millionaire neighbors and are very friendly and on speaking terms with all of them. One in particular, a Mr. C., happened to swing a beautiful flag to the breeze just as I passed his lawn.

"Good morning, Mr. C.; what a beautiful flag!" I said. "Now, if your patriotism can be judged by its size you must be quite a hero."

"Yes, Mc—. I love my country as every man should." "I presume you will be willing to fight for your country if you are needed later on."

"I can understand why you should have about ten million dollars worth of love for your country, but I have no country."

"Mr. C., of course you are joking, as I see that you have been a voter in this precinct for years. You have taken active interest in all public affairs and always cast your ballot on election day."

"My dear sir, I consider the matter of having a country or not such a serious subject that I never joke when discussing it. As for my voting, that is true, but I have no country."

"Mr. C., will you tell me why?"

"Yes; and I was very much afraid you would not ask me that question, as I am not only anxious to show you the condition that I am in personally, but the condition of seventy-five per cent of our people. You see this house that I live in?"

"Yes."

"Well, I pay rent for that, or in other words, I pay another man for the right to use that portion of the earth. Mind you, I had nothing to do with making the price. He had it all made before I got here. Now, in case I am taken sick or out of employment for a short time this man will eject me for non-payment of rent, which means that he will throw me and my furniture, which means the babies, as they are the most costly furniture I have, on the street; I have no right there, and if you can tell me of one foot of land in this country that I have a right on I will fight for it like a hero; and if you can't do that you are certainly joking with me, which is wrong, as I am a very innocent and unsuspecting man." He told his friends and neighbors everywhere that McSweeney said he had no country. The matter was thoroughly discussed and debated through the livery offices, groceries, stores, schools and newspapers for a month and they finally decided by a big majority that McSweeney was right, that he had no country.

Now, you voting cattle who have been singing "My country, 'tis of thee," over the growler in the alley, where is your territory? If you landed in Japan to-morrow you would be received with open arms if you would agree to give nine dollars out of every ten which you earned to a ruling class, for that is exactly what you are doing here, as the commissioner of labor's figures will show. No, my poor fellow, you have no country. Don't let them fool you, and you never will have a country until you study, work and vote for Socialism. Then you will not have to pay another man for the use of the earth. You will work at that which you are best fitted for under the direction of society and get all you produce, which, according to statistics issued by this present

government of Morgan's as well as figures given by experts the world over, would be from seven to ten thousand dollars a year, for about three hours' work a day. Then you will not have to get another man's permission to work as the man who has power to say whether another shall work or not has power to say whether he shall live or not. Tell me why he don't, if you can.

Under Socialism the man elected to office will have no power as now; as all matters which concerns the people will have to be referred to them before becoming law. And all laws that the people need will be enacted by themselves, and not by a ruling class as now. In fact, as far as candidates nominated by Socialists are concerned, we would be just as safe as if we elected Jesse James, J. P. Morgan or any other highway robber, as though we elected an honest man, for the good reason that the candidate is compelled to place his resignation in the hands of the people or organization before he gets the nomination. The date is left open and just as soon as he moves one sixteenth of an inch from the principles of Socialism or the will of the people his resignation is dated, handed to him and he is out of office in five minutes and another in his place. You might ask if this would be upheld by the courts before we get Socialism established? Yes, it is a contract with two parties to it and must be lived up to. I will here state frankly that if it was not for this great safeguard in Socialism I would be tempted to throw up the sponge, as I consider it slavery, pure and simple, for man or woman to be compelled to obey laws which they had nothing to do with making. All laws, constitutions and declarations the world over are the written orders of the tyrant class. They mean the rule of the strong over the weak. It took the bayonet, the gatling gun and the thumb-screw to enforce the order of the tyrant in the first place. We became so numerous that it was found expensive to keep a bayonet at every door, so instead he wrote out his rules which we call laws and he told us we would go to heaven and have wings if we obeyed them. Well, we still have his orders, but we have no

heaven, as we are knee deep in h—l, and, like the Irishman in the bog, that would not be so bad but we are in head foremost.

Now wake up you voting Jasper and let me show you that you are being ruled by the tyrant today. When this government was formed the question which agitated the minds of the ruling class of that time most was,—how they should rule the people. Should they establish another royal class with a king on a throne at New York? No, that would never do. Henry was breaking down desks and tables with his fists in Virginia, crying "for liberty or death." One king was let go and if another fellow was given the job it might set the herd to thinking. So you see they were death down on scabbery and did not encourage it. What did they do? Yes, I will tell you. Would it do to place such restrictions on the franchise so that only the ruling class and great property owners could vote? No, such restrictions were placed on the franchise in all other countries at that time and if it was tried here the two legged mules might make trouble and spoil their business. Instead they decided to cut all ropes and strings from the right to vote and tie them on to what you voted for instead. For instance, if by some accidental move on the political shuffle board, the people made a law which would benefit them and of course injure their master, the governor of the state was given power to say no, you can't have it. The president, at Washington, was given the power to trample on any and all laws made by the people by his power of veto. Finally instead of one, they placed several kings on what they termed a supreme bench and gave them power to trample and cast aside any and all laws, as well as this meaningless will of the people.

What was the difference to the people whether they had George of England or a George on the supreme bench who was given the power to say to the people: "You can have no laws but what will benefit me and my class!" If you think that the Socialist can't find plenty of amusement through studying those questions you are mistaken, my dear fellow. How can you imagine anything

more amusing than the "consent of the governed." "This is a government for, and by the people." "The land of the free and the home of the brave." You can not see anything funny in this? Well, I pity you! Oh, you want a little more evidence that slavery was your doom from the start? Well, all right. We had one man in the early days of this country who had some little ray of sunshine in his heart for the people. He questioned the divine right of rulers. He used his voice and his pen against the superstitious rot of the church. He even had the audacity and gall to write a book called the "Rights of Man."

But the rulers got even with him, for they put Sitting Bull, Young-man-afraid-of-his-horse, Rain-in-the-face, as well as a good many other cross-eyed exploiters' pictures on American money, but his, never.

They boycotted him in the school histories of the United States, for in none of them does the name of Tom Paine appear. Just think of how funny the rights of man must have sounded to this gang of slave-owning blue blooded aristocrats of his time. Yes, you are right, if Paine was alive now he would be a Socialist. And when the Carnegies, the Deweys, the Rockefellers and the Morgans are dead, rotten and forgotten, the lovers of liberty will cherish the name of Paine.

Yes, there was a deep laid plot to enslave the people and you will have to admit that it has worked nicely up to the present time.

The most amusing feature of this wage slavery is that the slave is voting to continue it. If the chattel slave had an opportunity to vote himself out of bondage he would have done so. The wage slave is expected to stop the bullets and fight the battles of his master. If he should lose a limb or two in battle the Ladies' Aid society will furnish him with a safety pin to tie up the leg of his pants until some society dude and dame get ready to dance at a charity ball and buy him a wooden leg which will enable him to cover more ground in begging for pennies on the street. But then he has the glory of fighting for his country, right or wrong. Just

think of a man fighting for his country that is wrong! But you must do that if you want to be considered a true patriot. If this country got into trouble tomorrow, I would move that all the patriots be locked up until the trouble was settled. I would only allow the fellows who wanted to do right to have their liberty. Why, it is enough to give a man the cold shivers when he thinks of a man who is willing to do wrong being out of jail during war time. Now suppose comrade Morgan who is organizer of that New York branch of his, should have some dispute with his old chum, the king of England, in regard to the ownership of this country. For instance, when Morgan has all the wealth and lands of this country in his possession, that is, all the land which has been owned by the people of this country in the past. But don't forget that we have crown lands in this country, or lands which belong to the nobility of Europe. We have Lord Sculley with two million acres in Illinois of the finest land in this country. Now there is a danger of Sculley and Morgan not being able to agree over the ownership of this state. Morgan will make the logical claim that the voters turned the country over to him, Illinois and all included, and that the will of the people has always been law in this country. Besides he would show him the Monroe doctrine, which says that no foreigner shall come here and take land, and that the country must be owned by a man who was born on American soil. Sculley will make the claim that he bought the land and had a deed to it; that he did not violate the Monroe doctrine; that he left his ship with the Union Jack at the bow away out in the stream, came ashore armed with his pocket-book instead and got all the land he wanted.

Now, don't you see we are likely to have trouble when we reach this point in a year or two, as this titled blue blood is apt to make trouble for the lawful owner of this state, not to speak of a financial loss to his business. Of course the American workingman will be called upon to settle this dispute, for although Morgan can run a country and take its earnings, fighting is out of his line. Now

our owner as well as the owner of Tommy Atkins, will be strutting up and down this disputed territory with their flag on their shoulders waiting for the American workingman whom Morgan has sent for. Citizen Murphey arrives and both lay their case as well as the evidence before him. Morgan opens by saying "what is your name, sir?" "James Murphey, sir." "Where do you work?" "The last work I done, sir, was in steel plant, number two of the second section of the United States, which you shut down three months ago and combined with number one in the interest of economy as I saw by the papers, and between dieting myself and dodging the landlord, I have been a very busy student of economy during that time. Morgan—"What was your name in my steel plant, and what were you termed on my books?" Murphey—"Number 17, sir. My number was only 16 for the first year, but one day 17 got his legs torn off by a machine and passed away to the other side, poor fellow! The foreman, God be kind to him, came to me the next day and said: 'Number 16 you have been a very hard working man, you have always been contented and submissive, you never made trouble or interrupted your master's business by striking or any such nonsense as that. You spent your time during the last campaign debating the silver question with your gold standard neighbor. You showed him beyond a shadow of a doubt that the mints of India were closed in the year 1304 on the 17th of March at half past ten in the morning and not at three in the morning as he claimed. You both acted like men,' said he, 'and broke even for Bryan and McKinley and have been obedient workers ever since. You did not go around to hear. Those crazy Socialists who tell you you have a right to all you produce, which would ruin our balance of trade and disturb your master's business. So I will give you a raise,' said he, 'and promote you to number 17, and I hope you will appreciate it.' I told him I thanked him very kindly, sir, and I done all the work I could for him until you closed the door on me." "Now 17," says Morgan, "are you willing to fight?" "Fight, your honor,"

says Murphey, "on me oath, sir. I had the fight of me life this morning with O'Leary. This was the way it happened: There was a job of carrying the hod on this great inspection tower you are building down here. We were both on hand in the morning when the foreman came. He told us we would have to fight for the job, which we did, and O'Leary won in the eleventh round and got it." Morgan—"Let me reason with you, 17, this is different fighting. My country and this flag of yours which you see on my shoulder is at stake just now. This foreigner here will pull down your flag and plant his over my territory if you don't fight. He has the audacity to say that you did not give me this territory at the last election and I have told him I would stand for my rights if it took every drop of blood in your body to do it."

Murphey—"If your honor has no objections I would like to ask this foreigner a few questions and see if this matter cannot be settled between you some other way besides spilling my blood?"

Morgan—"Certainly, sir."

'Murphey (to foreigner)—"You say you have a claim on this man's country?"

Foreigner—"Yes, sir, I have."

Murphey—"And of course if I refuse to spill my blood you will take and run it?"

Foreigner—"Yes, sir, I will."

Murphey—"If you owned this country would you do all the work yourself or buy labor as he does?"

Foreigner—"I will do no work myself as I don't believe in it. It would give me a pain in the back and disgrace my class. I will buy labor at the regular international price and see that all I need will have plenty of work."

Murphey—"How does this man and you stand on the injunction policy of dealing with workingmen when they are hungry? Or do you believe in the supreme court to grind them out?"

Foreigner—"The injunction was born on this side and belongs

here. I don't believe in a supreme court. If you can pass any laws in the interest of your class while I am here you can have them for keeps."

Murphey (to Morgan)—"Now, sir, I have investigated this case of yours and have decided that he and you must settle it. He is going to buy labor just the same as you do and pay the regular price for it, and as I have only labor to sell it makes no difference to me which of you own the country. I will say, however, that I don't intend to put a straw in your way while fighting for your rights and hope that the next time I hear of you it will be shown that you spilled your blood for your country like a man and a hero. So, good day, sir."

Now, is this not the logical way for the working man to handle the ruling class who are working for new markets? I would suggest that all the able-bodied men in this country who are willing to go to war, form a union, draft their constitution, by-laws and a scale of wages. An appropriate name could be selected such as the murderers' league, the New Market Brigade or any other nice sounding name like that.

If they will study the plumbers' rules it will be a great help to them in getting out by-laws as well as a wage scale, as they say that \$3.50 a day shall be the wages and wiping three joints a day's work. And if a man does any more he is fined fifty cents by his union.

Now I would have this fighting union name \$10 a day, room and board as the wages, kill three men and cripple two, a day's work; that if he was caught firing a shot after he had that much done, he would be fined \$10 by his union, which might be turned into what might be called a wooden legged fund or something like that. But just think of this union plumber who leaves a job at \$3.50 a day and only wiped three joints, to take 42 cents a day and kill an indefinite amount of men. Why, it is most ridiculous! If Morgan brought his flag, then, to look for men, they could say,

no, sir, the flag is all right ; bring your pocket-book and sign the union scale.

But the most interesting part of all this war, slaughter and robbery now going on the world over, is to listen to the church gang or the man of cloth in the pulpit crying aloud for "blood and vengeance" in the name and honor of the Lord.

"Slaughter them in the Philippines, they are not civilized," says one. "Exterminate them in China, they are only heathens," says another. One of this gang is now furnishing some very spicy articles for the Chicago newspapers. The churches and schemers in general are very much worried about them. His articles have been published in all the papers of the country and are headed "Ethics of Loot." Why he is publishing them nobody seems to know. I would like to quote some of his articles here in full but space will not permit. He has just returned from China and he says that all the different churches got together in that country when the trouble started ; that they formed an organization or trust for the purpose of robbery, plunder, and even murder if necessary. They had regular auction sales in Peking to dispose of their plunder ; they had agencies established through all the European countries as well as this, he says "for disposing of the goods."

The Chicago Record says, "that in the interest of Christianity the articles should be suppressed." Now mind you this great dajly does not say it was wrong for the churches to band themselves together for the purpose of robbery and murder ; but they do say that it should be kept quiet. Volumes of evidence could be furnished, if necesary, to show the rascality of those long-faced schemers.

Every missionary is now and always has been the advance agent of the capitalistic pirate. That they are there and in all other countries in the pay and doing the dirty work of the exploiter has been proven over and over. Their duty is to get the natives busy in prayer, then they are in nice shape to be robbed by the commer-

cial thief. Did you ever notice how easy it is to rob a man when he is saying his prayers? Just try it some day, you will find it a snap. There has been so much of this work done in the fashionable churches of New York in the past, that they now have a man, in livery, walking up and down the aisles of every one of them during service to see that they don't rob each other. How do you like this you pious Jasper, who is waiting for your mansion in the sky? Just listen to those long-face con. men tell about the heathen and his wooden god; how he is going to be stewed in fire and brimstone if he don't take ours; that his wooden god with one eye and three horns is a humbug, but you will be surprised to learn that every wooden god in China is made in the state of Massachusetts, and are turned out like Indian cigar signs. The missionary is constantly praying for more trade with China so that you see he is encouraging poor John to buy his brand of god and then tell him he will go to the damnation bow-wows if he uses it.

I have a clipping from a Chicago newspaper which says that the biggest furniture manufacturer in Grand Rapids, Mich., has hired a minister by the month to pray to his thousands of employes every morning. The newspaper man interviewed him and asked him if he intended to continue it. He said it was an experiment on his part and that he certainly would if he found it paid—that is, if the story of Jacob and his rainbow colored coat will help him get out more chairs, then the minister's bread is baked for he will have a steady job with a half holiday thrown in on Saturday.

I am very anxious that the enslaved toiler of this land should brush the cobwebs from his eyes and take a common sense view of this commercialized religion of today. Just watch the big railroad corporations with their gangs of men traveling over every mile of their track, picking up the tiniest bit of waste nails, screws, bolts, etc., and turning every particle found into money. Then notice their mission car manned with a crew of pious pirates, recruited from all churches for the purpose of praying to the slaves employed in all the great round houses of this country.

Do you think Morgan is interested in sending fireman number 21 to heaven when he dies? How does it happen that the railroad barons are interested in the souls of their slaves? If the mission car didn't pay would the Plutes continue it? Certainly not. It is business with them. It is keeping the dupe safe; it is keeping him submissive, it is keeping him contented and satisfied with his pay, it is keeping him voting the Democratic or Republican tickets. It has, in the past, kept him away from Socialism, as they told him he would have to divide the contents of his tin can with some other fellow.

How does it happen that they are trying to save their souls when they slaughter their bodies by the thousands every year for dollars?

The Inter-State Commerce Commission made their yearly report a few months ago at Washington, and among other things they said this: Over two thousand men have been killed on the railroads of this country during the last year. Expert railroad employes have proven to us on the stand that every one of those lives could have been saved if the railroad corporations had not defied an act of Congress, which called for safety couplers on all cars. This law was passed about seven years ago. Several committees and commissions have been appointed by Congress during that time to induce, beg or persuade those barons to comply with the law; but their begging amounted to nothing. They made different excuses every time they were called on. At one time they said the cars were too old; that the safety brake was too costly, and they would have to wait until they got new cars. At another time they said that business was so good and the country so prosperous that the cars were mixed up on all railroads and they would have to wait until they found them. At the last session of the Inter-State Commerce Commission they asked for an extension of time which was granted with pleasure. But still this wholesale slaughter of innocents goes on in the interest of capitalism. The barons must have dollars if it takes thousands of lives and the

tears and anguish of women and babies to get it.

Now, you voting slave, do you see a mouse in the railroad mission car? Do you think they are trying to save your soul while they are enslaving and slaughtering your body? Are you ready to carry a dinner pail in the next campaign and shout for McKinley? Or are you ready to carry a 16 to 1 banner and shout for Bryan and liberty for Aguinaldo, or will you vote for Socialism and free yourself? As every coupler as well as all other inventions known to man for the protection and safety of human beings will be placed on railroads and elsewhere under Socialism. We will be able to find our cars then and business will not be so good that we will have to commit murder to carry it on.

Just appoint a committee to wait on the millionaire of your town. Tell him you want a jail, a courthouse and a church built; tell him you want to distribute tracts and prayer-books among your neighbors; tell him that the town of Pumpkin Hollow has a handsome Gatling gun on the square, and that you have to hang your head in shame because you have none. Will his check be written for the amount, immediately? Well I should say so. Now just for fun tell him you want a public meat building, a public bakery or a public clothing house started in town. He would say something like this: "Leave my presence you dangerous scoundrel, you must be listening to Socialists talking their nonsense about everybody being entitled to eat, and that the working man should wear as good clothes as I do, just because he works for them. I am very sorry that we have no law to cover your offense, but I will see to it, immediately, that my hired man on the bench makes one to order and issues an injunction against you, tomorrow." Just think of the nice time you voting mules will have on the day you fix your Gatling gun in place on the public square. You will have bands and banners, fireworks and speeches; you will have the fellow who paid his hard cash for the gun make the speech of the day, of course it is only right. He will begin something like this: "Fellow citizens, ladies and gentlemen: It gives me great pleasure

to be with you on such a memorable occasion as this. (Great applause.) It must be a pleasure for you as well as myself to look on the beauty and prosperity of this town and I would advise you all to go on your bended knees this very night and ask your Father who is in heaven, as well as your president who is in Washington to continue this prosperity. (Loud applause.)

"You people have reason to be proud of your town and your country. You have a country that can't be surpassed for beauty. You have the biggest and grandest streams in the world, and you are the proud owners of every gallon of water in them. You need not be afraid that the Sultan of Turkey or the Emperor of China will come here and take them away, as our grand and glorious Monroe doctrine will stop them." (Renewed applause and music by the band.)

Now what does the master actually say to the slave after he has put this gun in place with his hands? He says this: "Now number 2, you see that gun?" "Yes, sir." "Well, if you are a good boy and work faithful and contented and not disturb my business or lessen this grand balance of trade by eating too much, this gun will never hurt you ,and when you die you will go soaring through the sky in day time and spend your evenings playing high-low-Jack in the saloons of your neighborhood. But if you are a bad boy I will have to get an injunction for you; blow you to fragments with this gun; you will be dead and go to the infernal regions below where you will have horns like a Texas steer." This is just what your master is saying to you to-day; don't you think it a joke?

Did you ever hear of a Gatling gun being turned on a millionaire? No. Did you ever hear of an injunction being issued against the great master class? No. Funny? Of course it's funny. They say themselves that they have been into all kinds of labor trouble for the last twenty-five years but never have the least trouble with the Gatling gun or injunction.

As the workingmen have had just as many labor troubles as the master class say they have for the last twenty-five years, how does

it happen that one side got all the Gatling guns and injunctions? It is barely possible that this was a mistake; but notice how logical and consistent the rulers were in this case. For don't you remember they are opposed to dividing up? But if there is a balance coming to them from this twenty-five years' business I hope they will get it back with interest in the near future.

Yes, the Bible and the Gatling gun are the two great forces which have been used to enslave the world. When the missionary starts out into heathen lands in search of the poor benighted savage in the jungle, he is in reality on a business trip for his partner in robbery, the capitalist.

Now we will say this peddler of piety is landed in India. He starts out on a three weeks' trip at so much a day and his expenses. What kind of a man is he now really looking for? Savages. Well, how can he tell a savage from any other man? Oh, yes, he can pick them out very easy. If he finds a man plowing in a field, he will accost him in this way:

"Warm day, native?"

Native—"Yes, sir."

Missionary—"You have a very fine patch of land here and a very comfortable house. Do you own them yourself?"

Native—"Yes, sir, I own them."

Missionary—"Did you buy them?"

Native—"No, sir, I never paid a penny for them."

Missionary—"Well, do you rent them?"

Native—"No, sir."

Missionary—"Well, you are just the man I am looking for as you are a full fledged savage. You are living on land which you have never bought and you pay neither rent or taxes on it. Now, sir, you must be civilized and christianized, immediately. Then you will be willing to pay your rent and taxes like a man."

Native—"Well, I have no objection to receiving all those blessings and that I did not get them before is no fault of mine, as you are the first man I have ever met representing that line of

business. Now about this Christianity, how does it come, in liquid or in bulk?"

Missionary—"It comes in bulk my dear brother. In fact I carry most all of it in this book under my arm; it is called a Bible. It is the most wonderful as well as interesting book you ever read. There are some fine fish stories in it. One part tells you about a whale eating a man and another part tells you how a man ate a whale. If you take a notion to gamble in stocks, one part of this book will uphold you, while another part says gambling is wrong.

A fellow named Wendall Philipps in my country showed by it that chattel slavery was wrong, and the man of cloth in the pulpit showed by it that slavery was right. Oh, it is a most wonderful book, my dear fellow, and it is too bad that you missed such a good thing all your life."

Native—"I think I will take a course of lessons in gambling from it, immediately, as I am told it is a very profitable business, and I am getting tired of the plow. Now how about this civilization, how does that come, or how long will it take you to ship it?"

Missionary—"You will have to take this in small quantities at a time my dear brother; that is, you get it on the easy payment plan; or you get it according to the taxes you pay and your regular attendance at church."

Native—"Do I have to pay these taxes until I die?"

Missionary—"No, sir, when you get so high in civilization that you own a trust, you are again exempt as you are now."

Native—"Yes, I begin to understand now. All I have to do is to read this book, go to church regularly, own a trust and I can become a savage again before I die."

Missionary—"Well, you had better wait until you learn the business before you ask such awkward questions."

Now don't think this a joke, as there are thousands of such cases happening every day, but you hear it in a different way, that is all. On this date, July 20th, 1901, every big corporation in Chicago has positively refused to pay its taxes. The mayor says

the city is crippled and bankrupt, that the schools will have to be closed, the police and firemen must be sent home to plant their gardens and that Chicago is gone to the dogs. Now if you are a thorough Socialist you will see the funny side of this story. If you are not you will catch on later. Just think of this little gang of boodling politicians in Chicago, crying frantically for more money; hiring John P. Altgeld as well as other prominent men to run around to beg or bully a few dollars from the millionaires. But the big fellows are as firm as a rock. They say they don't believe in paying a cent. And from any side you have a mind to look at this matter the big fellows are right. If you are a Democrat or Republican you voted for rulers at the last election. You like them and say you must have them, as well as the people in other countries; so you should be willing to do as well by them as they do in Germany. As the rulers of all these countries are exempt from taxes; and the man who is voting for rulers here and expects them to pay taxes, is an inconsistent dreamer, to say the least.

Are the corporations rulers in this country, you say? Well, just try to get a nomination on a Democratic or Republican ticket and you will soon find out; no matter what office you seek from judge down to constable, you must go to their office in person and have a cut and dried understanding or bargain with them before you can be considered for nomination in the star chamber caucus of those parties.

If you settle all matters satisfactorily with them and you pay enough for the nomination you may get it, but no money will buy it unless you see them first, as their influence is so great and their campaign contributions so heavy that all politicians must cater to them. They make terms with men on both tickets; it makes no difference to them, it is just business.

Neither do they care what your name or your religion is or where you were born. Don't you see; they are rulers and they are more logical than you when you ask them to pay taxes and they refuse. Be as fair with your rulers as they are in other countries.

You take it from the Socialist standpoint; I think the corporations are right for this reason, that I don't believe in taxation. I don't think it is right and I would like to see every man, woman and child refuse to pay taxes; for if they did this rotten old tottering system would topple over immediately, and we could build the Co-operative Commonwealth on its ruins. Do you think you could keep the politician in office if there were no taxes? No, sir, not with a Gatling gun. How does the workingman, at the present time happen to be interested in taxes? Is it because our city fathers can't go to the sea shore? Is it because we will have no police? No we have nothing to protect but our miserable bodies, and they are worth very little to ourselves or anybody else. Then again the workingman don't use law; the law uses him. But Mr. Pullman used ten million dollars worth of law during the strike of '94 in Chicago as the laws were made to protect his class, and they are showing the workingman every day that this is a fact.

As for the firemen, the working class, at the present time, has no earthly use for them, as the figures given to us by Carroll D. Wright, commissioner of labor, at Washington, will show that seventy-six per cent of the people of this country which are the producing class own three per cent of the wealth. So you see they have no property or anything else to protect.

It is true that the working man is in the habit of carrying matches in his jeans, and through the friction, strife and worry of looking for a job, are liable to ignite and of course he may need a chemical engine to extinguish his miserable body, which would enable him to hold on to his incentive and fight the glorious battle of competition and die like a hero in the harness.

Is the working man interested in the schools? Well, more than half the children of workingmen in this city and state are out of school altogether, as we are told there is no room for them. The other half, as statistics show, are taken out of school and put to work before they reach the fourth grade. Now, the child which gets no more schooling than this loses very little if the schools

were all locked up and the key thrown into Lake Michigan.

Yes, when the exploiter, boodler and grafter tell their troubles to-day to the workingman they are barking up the wrong tree, as the workingman is only interested in selling labor power to a master and keep right side up on the earth until the battle for Socialism is won. Then he will be interested in all matters which concern society. He will then, and not until then, be an actual part of society himself. I question the advisability at the present time of even attempting to show the voting mules of this country what would be possible for them to have under Socialism, as through the stupidity and superstition manufactured in them by the master class they would call it a dream.

But every man who was willing to work a few hours a day could live in a brown-stone mansion under Socialism. He could even have a few deers to nibble on the lawn if he wanted to. You say that would cost a good deal of money. I say not one penny. There is not one dollar of money in all the great mansions on the cliffs of Newport—just raw material and labor, that is all. Now get that point clear. Money is not used in the building of mansions or anything else except rascals; but it is used to keep us from building them. In a building stone, brick, lime, cement, wood, etc., are used. They are obtained by the application of labor to the earth. Have we plenty of this material? Yes; we have sufficient in this country to build a mansion for every man in the world. Does this material cost any money? Not a penny. It has been placed here in abundance and without stint for the use of the human race. Have we plenty of labor to apply to this raw material? Yes; millions of men are idle in this country. Most of them traveling the highways and railroads in search of a hand-out, with not a place to lay their heads. Then you have the great army of men and women who are engaged in useless or non-productive occupations; such as the fellow who is trying to raise a crop of hair on a bald head; or the man who is trying to get a dollar from a coon who wishes his color would fade.

Now Socialism says to you that we should apply all this useless and idle labor to the resources of nature and build mansions for all without money and without price; as all that it takes to produce anything is raw material and labor, and we have those two great forces rotting and decaying in this country. What is the reason we don't get this raw material and labor which we have in abundance together and produce all the things we need for our use? Just because we voted away our right to do so. We gave a few men the right to stop us. If you lost your rights by voting you must get them back the same way. You must get out the way you got in. If you think that it takes money to produce, let me remind you of the fact that all the great fortunes that are being accumulated even to-day are obtained without the investment of a dollar. How is it done? This is one way: We will suppose that I am an alderman in the City of Chicago; I receive a letter from John Smith in London, saying that he would like to get a franchise for the right to run a street car line in Chicago. If I will get the council, of which I am a member, to grant this franchise he will give me ten thousand dollars. Now, this is business with me and that is what I am there for. So I get him his franchise and I notify him that it is already and would like to have my money as soon as possible. My next letter from Smith states that if I will call on his broker, who he has just appointed to see to his business, that he will settle my claim. I call on his broker, who hands me the cash, and tells me at the same time that ground will be broken immediately to build this road. Now, where did this broker get this money to buy the franchise to build and equip this road? From London? No. He got it from the local banks of Chicago. He borrowed it on the franchise, which is called the very best gilt-edge security. Smith, in London, is doing all this business, as he now has something that is very valuable—that is, the right to the public streets. The value of the rolling stock and rails is not a drop in the bucket compared with this.

Now there is not a man, woman or child in Chicago who knows Smith, whether he has three wives or one; whether he is peeling potatoes in a restaurant or an inmate of some charitable institution. We don't want to know him; it is none of our business. Now the City of Chicago has furnished the streets for this road. Chicago has furnished the labor. The people make the rails and ties. The people are being given their own money from the banks while they are getting this road ready.. When it is all complete they run and operate it and pay Smith, who is in London and never saw Chicago, for the privilege. Never invested a dollar in the road, and they send him millions every year for the privilege of letting them ride on this road, and if they attempt to steal a ride or swap a transfer for a newspaper, he will have them arrested. Do you see how handy the Plutes do business without money? But you are afraid you would be stuck for money under Socialism.

This is how we are producing everything for our masters and producing misery for ourselves. This is how the mansions, mines and factories are built. Now you can see very plainly that those deers which you would have nibbling on your lawn under Socialism would cost nothing; not even labor; they are just raw material. Did you ever stop to think that a cow or a horse costs nothing? I see you smile at this. Did the thousands of wild horses, ponies and buffaloes which roamed our Western plains years ago cost anything? No, the hand of man never reached them. No human being was accountable for bringing them on earth, and provision was made by nature for taking care of them after they got here, and they were the finest, sleekest animals in the land. So you see under Socialism meat would cost us nothing except the labor of killing and dressing it. But now we are paying twenty to twenty-five cents a pound for it to the meat barons. A few months ago the Industrial Commission asked John D. Rockefeller this question, among others:

"What does it cost to produce a gallon of oil?"

THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF LABOR.

"One cent and a half," he said.

"What is the average price at retail?"

"Ten cents."

But of course he deserves this tax of eight and a half cents a gallon, as it is quite expensive to show the university students the blessings of competition.

They asked him how it was that he made such a success of the oil business. He said he owed his success to a combination of men and money in the first place. Then by banishing competition entirely from that field of industry, which he says was ruinous to any business. He said business could not be carried on successfully under competition any more. But just listen to the little two-by-four lawyer, whose only business is to plant his heels on a desk and wait for a tangled-up client, tell you what a blessing competition is. He never had anything to do with industry and knows nothing about it. But still this little two-by-four mixer expects you to take his advice on competition in preference to Rockefeller's, who is an expert of forty years' experience. Yes, he is right, competition cannot be used in industry any longer, and co-operation, as he says, is the proper thing. Why don't you take his advice and get into a trust yourself? You will have all the people in a trust with you if you vote for Socialism. Just think of the advantages you will have over Rockefeller. He only had a few men with him. You will have seventy-five million with you. He had but one industry to operate on. You will have every conceivable business in the land under your control. Why don't you try it? You can get your present job back again if you feel lonesome after it. Can any man imagine a more insane system than the present? It is most surprising that millions of men who are possessed of their natural reasoning powers wouldn't just catch on to this rascally deception that's being played on them without ever reading a book or hearing a speaker on Socialism.

When the people own the oil it will cost about one cent a gal-

THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF LABOR.

ton. We can get it out a half cent cheaper than Rockefeller can, as we would have better facilities. We would not bother with his little tanks on freight cars. We would pipe it from Ohio to New York, California and all the other great centers. We would run branch pipes into buildings just the same as water is now. Of course it will be hard on Rockefeller if he cannot sell his old oil kit to the people, for that is all he will have to sell. He cannot sell us the land, as we own that already, as any and all lands have a right to be condemned and taken by the government in the interest of the people at any time. But you say he will have to get money for this land. Well, we will not split hairs or be stingy with him over money when we get Socialism established. We would say: "John, old boy, take a trip with us to the Rocky Mountains, there we will give you a carload of money; it is not coined, of course, but then we have the old coining tools still left and we will run it into dollars for you free of charge. We will get it out 16 to 1, 75 to 3, or any other old ratio that you think best. We will also throw the old coining kit in for good measure, as the only use we will have for them in the future would be to place them on exhibition in a museum as a relic of barbarianism." Then, again, the people could compete him and all others out of business and just ignore him entirely. If the people decided to produce and use oil at one cent a gallon Rockefeller's titles to oil lands would not be worth the paper they were written on. But we would have no competition of that kind under Socialism, as the very thought of profit would be disgusting and ridiculous and would be considered one of the strongest symptoms of emotional insanity. There will be no danger of a man getting the things that he needed under Socialism unless he performed useful service for and under the direction of society. The time it would take him to get them by work would be so short that he would be ashamed to even attempt to get them any other way.

If I should happen to meet Con. O'Brien without shoes, under

Socialism, I would say to him: "You are very foolish to go without shoes." He may say, "How can I get a pair?" I would say: "Con, old boy, there is but one way now. We had a time when there were a thousand ways. Become a worker in some of the great industrial establishments that are run by the people. You don't have to work in the shoe industry to get shoes. You can work on mouse-traps, play the flute, sing songs or dance a jig, providing the people consider it advisable to have this kind of work done. You will get a labor voucher from the foreman of your department which will show when and where you have worked. Keep this voucher handy in your pocket at all times, as you will be able to get nothing until you show it, and by presenting it you will be able to get shoes or anything else you wish. You see there was a time when foolish people kept a great stock of shoes ahead. They put them into what they called store-houses, while those that made them went barefooted, because their wages were not sufficient to buy them back. The only class that could be relied upon to wear the very best of shoes, and plenty of them, was the idle or non-producing class; but they always had trouble and worry over what they called over-production. Of course the owners had a good many ways of getting rid of all this surplus wealth. A favorite way was to burn it, store-house and all; then they got what was called insurance money. This was called a God-send to the barefooted shoemaker, as they gave him bread for making some more. But we do different now. We never keep a stock ahead, as they get hard, dried up, squeaky and out of style; and as it takes but a few minutes to make a pair of the very best of shoes we prefer to make them as they are needed by the workers."

If the hotel table is set and plates laid for twenty-five to take dinner under Socialism, how could the twenty-sixth get in there and eat? The reason that plates were laid for twenty-five was that just that amount was at work and no more. Now if an idler wanted to get up to the table and eat he would have to eat

with his fingers, as there would be no knife, fork or plate provided for him. Then that would not be all, as the workers would be ashamed to eat at the table with such a man. Just as you see to-day, nobody will eat with a fellow who has been tried for starving his grandmother. The man who wouldn't work would be despised and shunned just as much under Socialism. Now I hope you can see plainly that it would be impossible for an idler to get anything under Socialism. But the idler is living to-day on the fat of the land, while the worker is in misery, starvation, slavery and rags.

Once in a great while the Socialist is asked this question: "If, as you say, the worker will get all he produces, how do the child in school and the man on the retired list live who produce nothing?"

This way: Jones, who is on the retired list, calls at the clothing factory to get a coat. He presents his voucher or certificate of exemption to Foreman Brown. If Brown should say: "Jones, you are producing nothing at the present time, and I don't consider it right or just that I should have to make a coat for you as well as myself."

Jones would say: "You are mistaken, Comrade Brown, I have a perfect right to get all the coats I need here, as they belong to me, and I don't have to thank you or any other man alive for them. I left this shop and had my name added to the retired list because I was forty years of age. You left the school and took my place because you were twenty-one. During all the years you were in school you wore coats that were made by me. I made coats for you because you were too young; now it is your duty to make them for me, because I am too old; in that way we will both be even."

Don't you think Jones would have a right to get a coat? Neither Brown or society will lose a penny, as he has provided for this emergency in his younger days.

I see that some of our writers on Socialism claim that we

would carry a time card with us ; that when we wanted to buy a horse we would have so many hours of our time punched out ; that the same would be done when we wanted to buy a cigar, and so on ; that when our card was all punched we could get no more until we worked. I think they are mistaken, as matters never would be arranged that way under Socialism, and I would not approve of that plan. All will work a certain number of hours in the different industries at the work they are best fitted for under the direction of society. All wealth will be produced in abundance according to the needs and desires of the people. All will draw from the public store as much as they want and there will be no danger of anybody drawing any more.

Under Socialism we would be entitled to all the things which sustain life and happiness just the same as we use air now.

Say, did you ever hear of a fellow who tore himself to pieces trying to get more air into his body than it would hold because it was free? No, on the contrary, doctors tell us that thousands die every year because they don't take enough of it into their lungs. But there are no statistics or figures at hand which will show how many died because they did not take a trip to Europe.

Although we have plenty of material here as well as brain and muscle power to make ships. We are told by the master class that the ocean is the common property of all, which is a lie, as they stop us from using it as effectually as though they had signs all over it which would read : "Private property ; trespassers will be prosecuted." If some genius got out an invention so that poor Larry Sullivan could walk back to the city of Cork and visit his mother the Plute would have title deeds to the ocean, packed away inside of their strong boxes, inside of a month, and charge poor Larry so much a mile for the use of it ; and their Supreme Court would declare it constitutional, as property rights had to be protected, whether Larry ever saw his mother or not. How strange it is that our masters admit that we own a part of the ocean, and don't give us an opportunity to use it. As poor

Larry will have to pay this master class the earnings and savings of years before they will permit him to see his poor old mother.

Let me give you a specimen of two letters written by government officials to the President of the United States, one under the present system and one under Socialism:

Present.

"St. Petersburg, Russia, May 9, 1900.

"To His Excellency, the Honorable William McKinley; President of the United States, Washington, D. C.

"Dear Sir:—From all the information at hand, as well as trustworthy reports from all over this country, I am happy to say that the wheat crop is a total failure. This, with the additional news that crops have been completely burned in the Argentine Republic for want of rain, satisfies me beyond a reasonable doubt that there is all kinds of happiness and prosperity in store for our people, as there will be a brisk demand as well as a profitable market for the surplus products of our country.

Yours respectfully,

**"THE HON. JAMES SLICKTONGUE,
"U. S. Minister Extraordinary at the Court of St. Petersburg,
Russia."**

Under Socialism:

"Chicago, Ill., July 7, 1900.

"Citizen Jas. Smith, President for the People, Washington, D. C.

"Dear Comrade:—Yours of the 4th at hand and contents noted. Your suggestion that hours of labor be reduced in this department I consider very wise, as the new machine just invented, as well as the constantly increasing ability of our comrades, makes it impossible to keep the demand up to the supply in this department. But as three hundred of our citizens have decided to visit Europe this summer, and seventy-three of them being from this department, with nineteen to be placed on the retired list imme-

dately, I think we can pull through without a change for the present; and just as soon as it becomes necessary to reduce hours the people will be notified in the regular way to take action on the matter.

Yours fraternally,

"TOM MOORE,

"Foreman U. S. Chair Department, Chicago, Ill."

Do you notice any difference? One is delighted at the misfortunes of others because a market will be found for what the impoverished and ragged slaves has produced but cannot use, while the other is trying to dispose of the laborer's time so that he can have recreation and enjoyment. Of course you say that would be all nice, but how can we get it? Just stop your nonsense of voting and tagging politicians and vote and work for Socialism.

That is the quickest and only way I know of to get it. Don't be discouraged because there are only three of you in the precinct. Don't be downhearted when you watch the count and hear the Democratic judge say, on reaching your ballot, "Another damn fool Socialist."

Remember that Wendell Philips fought the battle for abolition alone in Boston, but he won in a short time. Remember that the world was against Napoleon, and that he won a great many battles. In fact you should feel very proud if you are the only hero and lover of liberty in your precinct.

Don't let the politician send in your name as a judge or clerk of election for his party, as he will do that if he hears you are a Socialist in an attempt to throw you off the track. Tell him you have more profitable and honorable business to attend to on election day. Tell him you are trying to become a watchman on the ramparts of liberty. Tell him you will never die a willing slave without making an attempt, at least, to free yourself. Tell him the interests of humanity are at stake; that a desperate battle is being fought between two classes, and you would be a coward

and a traitor if you deserted your post. You will be able to laugh so much at the dupes all around you that you will feel thoroughly compensated.

If you meet the big politician of your neighborhood on the street and you spring Socialism on him, just notice how quick he will pull out his watch and tell you he must catch a train. The herd has him down for being a philosopher, and he is too cunning to expose his ignorance. Won't that be fun? Just try it next election. It will pay you. If you find it doesn't there will be a chance open for you to get into your old business at any time.

Yes, the greatest difficulty we would have would be to keep the demand up with the supply. There would have to be a continual reduction in the hours of labor, as the producing power of machinery at the present time is most marvelous. There are a great many things that are used, bought and sold every day that are made without labor; buttons, for instance, are made by the automatic machine, and labor is expected to buy them back. How funny!

If you want something that will startle you along this line just write to Washington for the Commissioner of Labor's report on hand and machine production. After you read it you will wonder that there is a workingman alive. This is a sample of what you will find in it:

"One hundred metal signs, painted and lettered by hand, took four hundred hours to do and took two hundred dollars for wages. By machine they take two hours to do and cost forty cents for wages."

How can you buy a hundred metal signs, painted and lettered, for forty cents? No, not even one.

Well, who will buy them? The idler? No, impossible. If the laborer's wage is not sufficient to buy back what his hands and brains create you must have panics, starvation and over-production.

Bellamy's parable of the water tank shows this very plainly.

Mr. Rockfall, a capitalist, hires Jim Casey, a laborer, to fill his water tank. He pays Casey one cent for every pail of water he puts into the tank. Now, old Casey must have water or die. The tank is now full and Casey begins to buy it back at two cents a pail; consequently when his master has his wages all back he also has a half a tank of water on hand. Casey, being an unsuspecting fellow, says to the tank man: "I am gasping with thirst, sir; won't you please give me a little water? My money is all gone and my tongue is splitting in my head, so it is." This would be his master's answer: "Begone, you dangerous rascal; I am in this business for profit, and the only trouble with our country is over-production. We are on the eve of a great panic and our only hope is the new market in Cuba or China. Of course if I find that Cuban labor can be hired to fill my tank at a half a cent a pail I will have it shipped to Havana immediately."

Casey—"My God, sir, don't take your water business away from me or I will choke."

Master—"Be contented, my dear fellow; obey the rules of your church, pay your taxes when you can and prepare yourself for a better world."

This tank tells the whole story of to-day. There is hardly any need of explaining any further.

Now we will talk leather for a few minutes. A short time ago in the city of Brockton, Mass., a test was made on the time it would take to make a pair of four-dollar shoes with the aid of all the improved machinery used in that business to-day. Don't forget that they were four-dollar shoes. Keep that in mind until you hear the story.

The shoe trade journals of the world watched and advertised this test, as it was considered of great interest to the trade, and a few of them even sent their reporters to watch it. An official account states that from the time the skin was spread on the board ready to cut until the shoes were made, placed in an individual carton, ready to ship, took thirty-two minutes.

Now Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, says that \$1.44 a day was the average wage paid to labor during that year; and mind you, Chauncey Depew, the hundred thousand dollar beauty, was put into this wage list, as he as well as all other high salaried officials are put down as wage earners by the government. They do this to make the average appear high. Now, that being so, it is safe to say that the man who worked on shoes did not get one dollar a day. But we won't be stingy and call it a dollar, which was ten cents an hour for a ten-hour workday. He made the shoes with the aid of machinery in thirty-two minutes and got six cents for his time.

This I consider a good guide in determining the labor cost of everything produced to-day. Here was four dollars worth of wealth put on the market by labor and got six cents to buy it back. Do you wonder now at panics, shut-downs and over-production? Do you wonder now at the misery of the toiler? Do you wonder now at the shoemaker and his family being bare-footed?

One of the largest mercantile agencies in the country has a most interesting as well as amusing account of the condition of business all over the country every week. They reported a general stagnation in business a short time ago, but said it was caused by spots on the moon, which were visible to the naked eye. They said that the farmer of the Western states was a superstitious character, that on account of those spots he was afraid to hitch his horses up after dark, drive into town and take goods from the retail store. But those spots were disappearing very rapidly and trade and traffic would be as good as ever in a week. You will see by this report that the Plutes consider it safe to give you the most ridiculous nonsense in the newspaper; and such reports are not funny at all compared with the deplorable fact that you believe them. But if you want a sample of trash and nonsense just look over some of the books that have been written on political economy by what are called the great students of the world,

when fools or schemers would be a better name for them. They use a great many Greek and Latin phrases so that you would consider them wise. They glibly tell you about the earned and unearned increment, the proper division of the products of labor, earned and unearned wealth. How funny unearned wealth sounds! When they tell you of an honest division of the products of labor they might as well talk of honest robbery. This will show you very plainly that they believe in dividing up. I see that all those wise men agree on one point, that capital and labor produce everything. Now let us see about that. Smith is a shoemaker. He takes the skin from the back of a cow and makes a pair of shoes ready to wear with the aid of tools which were made with his own hands. Now what has it taken to produce this pair of shoes? Is there any of this so-called capital in them? Not a penny. And I am ready and willing to meet any professor of political economy at Yale or Harvard and prove that this is true or I will give fifty dollars to any institution he may name. Now this is an important point, as they each and every one of them claim that there is capital taken into this pair of shoes. If there is I am certainly wrong. If there is not, then every man or woman who has written a line on political economy since the days of Adam Smith are wrong. And here let me state that they are not only wrong, but they are deceivers, and paid upholders of the ruling class.

Don't forget that all those so-called authorities admit that raw material has no value, that it can only be made valuable by the application of labor. The tree in the forest is not worth a penny until chopped down and sawed up. The application of labor to land is all that gives it any value; so it is with the calf skin which grew. It had no more value than an old tin can until labor got hold of it and turned it into a pair of shoes. Then, if that is true, there is nothing but labor in this pair of shoes that is of any value. Come, you wise chaps from Yale and Harvard, contradict this if you can. If you cannot, why do you tell such long stories

in showing how this pair of shoes should be divided between the slave and his master? In showing how the value of this pair of shoes should be divided you always begin with, "Capital should give Labor its earned share of the profit in what is called wages."

How does it happen that you say the thief must do the dividing? Most anybody would think that the laborer who produced and actually owned this pair of shoes would have even the privilege of dividing; but no, the thief must do that. This pair of shoes tells the whole story of how labor is being robbed and plundered to-day. It will apply to every conceivable thing that is made and manufactured, from a brass pin to a railroad.

Did you ever stop to think how helpless the capitalist class would be without labor? If the laborer and his class knew their strength and power they could have considerable amusement with their masters. Suppose the workingmen of this country appointed a committee to wait on Morgan, and their spokesman would address him in this way: "Is your name Morgan?" "Yes." "We are a committee which represents labor in this country. We are here to tell you that the workers of the United States will no longer sell their labor for money of any description whatever. Our people never did agree to sell labor for money, as the agreement was all made when they got here, and have now decided to sell it for what they please."

Morgan—"What will your people take for labor?"

Spokesman—"They will decide that matter at their next meeting. Good day."

Now Morgan is worried to death and his smart men are constantly on the run to find out what labor can be bought for.

At their next meeting the workers decide that diamonds will be just the thing to get for labor and so notify Morgan by letter, which would read this way:

"Mr. Morgan.

"Dear Sir:—The workers have decided to sell their labor for diamonds in future. We want them nicely polished and rounded

with a hole through the middle so that they can be worn on the neck with a string running through. The hole will enable us to tie them to our jeans and jumpers, as well as our ears and eyebrows, when we go to a banquet. They must be genuine, as we intend to use them in the basement instead of a lamp when we are splitting wood.

"Yours respectfully,

"THE AMERICAN LABORERS."

Don't you think Morgan would have a gang of experts chasing diamonds next day? Yes; and another gang polishing them and drilling holes in them. This would be sensible compared with what the workers are doing to-day, as they are selling labor for something which will give them no light in the basement, and was called money by the naked savage of a thousand years ago.

Yes, you laugh, no doubt, when you are told that the savage in distant lands is willing to exchange his furs for shining beads; but you are doing worse, as you are exchanging labor, the only real wealth in the world, for a little piece of dull metal that don't even shine very much.

Here the political economy howlers tell you what even chances men have in this great race for wealth, and that all can get there if they try; that the iron law of wages will regulate all matters between master and man; that if his master don't pay as much as others nobody will work for him. If he pays more he cannot sell in competition with his rival. How nice and reasonable this sounds to the unsuspecting man. It makes him think that he will get there as well as the other fellow and be president some day if he was lucky enough to be born on this side. But how foolish! Now about all winning this is a clean-cut lie that is intended to deceive. Suppose you run a foot race with Brown and you win; now there is only one reason for your winning, and that was because Brown lost; no other reason. It was impossible for you to both win.

There is only one reason why Morgan is rich; that is because

so many are poor. If it was possible for all to win he would be worth very little.

While men are willing to fight this brutal battle of competition few can win and the many must suffer.

This iron law of wages clap-trap is far more dangerous than the race for wealth yarn, as it is more complicated and on the surface more feasible. Do you have to work for a master if you don't want to? Let us see about that. You and your master meet in the labor market. You are both there to invest your capital. His capital consists of money tied up in a wallet which is in his pants pocket. If he does not see a profitable investment for it he will keep it there until some future time.

What kind of capital have you got? Just natural capital consisting of brain and muscle power. Can you hold on to it if you don't find a profitable investment? No. There is a law which prevents you from doing that; the most binding and exacting law that ever was made or heard of; that is the law of nature. You must sell at any price or the blood will cease to flow through your veins, as well as through the veins of your wife and little ones whose lives depend on a sale at any price.

Now you see your capital is perishable. It won't keep as long as strawberries or fish, while your master's capital will be worth more next year than it is now.

Then again if you think that labor is bought under competition you are mistaken, as all the great heads of industry in this country have agreed on what to pay. If you will visit all the big railroad offices in Chicago in search of a job and by some miracle or other they would all agree to hire you, and if it is shown that you get five cents a day more from one than another I will buy you a new hat, and if you don't need a hat I will buy you a jumper or a buck-saw.

Labor is only sold in competition so that it is a one-sided and cut-throat market. You will see by this that the so-called political economy is a humbug got out to deceive and satisfy the slave.

Say, did you ever stop and think that you are trying to sell yourself when you are looking for a job? Well, you are. Let me hire you for a day, then tell me why I don't own you for that time. Your brain, muscle, body, as well as your poor old soul, belongs to me. If you apply for work at any of the big corporation offices you are handed an application blank to fill out. You must promise that in case you invent anything while in their employ you will turn it over to them free of charge. You must state whether you belong to a church, and if you don't you stand a good chance of being rejected. Now don't you see you must give up your muscle, your brain and the care of your soul for a job. Of course you sell yourself, but the sale is covered up with confusing phrases so that you can't see it. No doubt when you sell your labor for some food, a place to sleep and some duds to wear, you think you are getting wages, but you are not. Is the mule you drive getting wages? No. Well, you both get the same. He has his feed bag and a stable to sleep in; he is shod like you; and, let us see, I don't think I ever heard of a mule becoming a tramp when he is old. Now if it can be shown that you are worth less than a mule and still get as much as he does you ought to be thankful.

During the Cuban war this, among other orders, was sent from Washington to the commanding general in Cuba, that a reward of ten dollars should be offered for a deserter and thirty dollars for a mule which had strayed from camp. So you see a mule is worth three like you, and you think you ought to get wages when he gets none.

A Supreme Court decision given in the state of Iowa in the month of August, 1900, I forget the exact date, says "that a labor union has no legal standing in that state; that labor is now a commodity which cannot be controlled or cornered with an intent to putting up the price, and that it was a violation of the spirit and intent of interstate commerce law."

Now, are you satisfied that you are a commodity without any

value? But you are told that your father and grandfather were worse off than you are and that you should be thankful.

A neighbor of mine, whose reputation for truth and veracity has never been questioned, tells me that a farmer in Kansas had a pair of mules which he used in hauling corn on a very hot day, and, on being fed with husks at night, one of the mules spoke up and said: "We are very tired and busy hauling corn, and it seems to me that you should be willing to give us a few ears for supper." "You cheeky scamp," said the farmer; "your father got nothing but thistles." "I know," said the mule, "but my father was a donkey." If our fathers were willing to be slaves, we should be men.

Is there a farmer in the state of Wisconsin or any other state who would give five cents for a title deed to an able-bodied man? Not one. And if Philipps, Garrison and Brown had died unheard of and unknown, the black man would have his so-called freedom without the aid of either bullets or bayonets long before this; as no master could own men in that old-fashioned way today and make money. He must use the up-to-date ownership which permits him to turn them out to starve when he finds it profitable to do so. You are told that the master with his bloodhound was watching night and day for fear the slave would run away; but now the slave is worried to death for fear his master will leave him. Morgan would be bankrupted and driven out of business if he had to own his slaves as the planters did, and he knows that to be true, if you don't. Under this brutal system men, women and babies must be slaughtered in order to make millions.

Do you know of anything which is so cheap and easy to get possession of as a human being? I don't.

In every daily paper you can find a list of parrots, jack rabbits and monkeys for sale. You are told that they are worth from five to twenty-five dollars, according to breed and pedigree. Turn over the next page and you find that by calling at the Foundling Asylum you can get all the healthy male babies you want for

nothing; and, in fact, you are considered charitable if you take them. This shows that they are not only worthless, but they are becoming burdensome and a nuisance to the master class. And they are now trying to have laws passed in the different states which will restrict production along these lines. A reform organization in New York, composed of church ladies of the four hundred class, debated this question for six months through the fashionable magazines of this country: Should a working man marry? And they decided by a big majority that he should not. How long do you think they will allow you to carry on this marriage foolishness, and bring a lot of unruly and unmanageable children into the world who will interfere with their business later on? And to be logical we should either stop marrying or stop voting for masters, as your value and your usefulness are gone under the competitive system. The machine which you don't own has taken your place, while you are told by the newspaper and the college professor that improved machinery does not displace labor; that the man driven out by a machine can go to work somewhere else. How the little Professor must laugh in his sleeve when he is feeding this rot to the public! What a funny name they gave the machine, if this Professor is right!—for don't you remember they call it labor-saving machinery? But the Professor tells you it don't save labor. If he is right, then the name should be changed immediately. But I move that this matter be referred to a committee composed of tramps and hoboes, as they are better able to judge and have had more experience along these lines than the little Professor. I hope the motion will be carried and that this committee will have power to summons men and call for papers; that to be eligible as a witness before this committee a man must show that he has been a tramp continuously for at least six months. Then, of course, when Morgan is notified he can just put his receipt for the steel plant in his overalls pocket and prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that he had been a "Weary Willie" for years. You must have tramps under pres-

ent conditions, and still they are the most abused class in the land. Every town marshal who gets elected on a reform ticket considers it his first duty to declare war on the tramp. All kinds of abuse is hurled at him from the pulpit. You also hear the sorrowful tale from the lady in Kansas who actually offered him a piece of pie for sawing a cord of wood, and the lazy vagabond refused. In all the large cities you can hear lectures on the tramp nuisance, but the Socialist laughs at all this. Now, if the millions of tramps in this country should decide to work ten hours a day for whatever they could get, they would by so doing wipe out the wage system entirely and no man would get more than a bowl of soup for a day's work. The tramp is the man that is keeping a roof over the head of the impoverished wage slave of today, as, if he fought for the job, the battle would be fiercer still, and none of them would get enough to feed them. A tramp is a man who is supposed to be unwilling to work and is consuming the wealth produced by others. Now, don't forget this definition. Why do you despise and censure a man who has been driven into this class against his will and applaud and bow down to an international tramp like Morgan? But you say Morgan is a hard-working man and he is worrying and figuring while you are asleep. Yes, that is true, and the hardest-worked man that I ever saw in my life was a pickpocket on State street, Chicago, who worked for an hour in trying to get away from the police; and remember there was not a man in the state of Missouri who worked harder than Jesse James, and even did it all while others were asleep. But for some reason or other the governor of that state bribed a man to kill him, and some say it was because he did work while others were asleep.

Do you know that the moonshiner on the mountains of Kentucky is the hardest-worked man in the state? And the only reason that United States marshals don't shoot him down like a rabbit is because they can't catch him. Yes, Morgan does work

while others are asleep, but it takes considerable push and figuring to rob and enslave a nation.

Suppose a millionaire who had been to church on Sunday and heard a sermon preached on the villainy of the tramp should meet one next day on the road and say to him: "Hello, you ragged scoundrel! You are the fellow who the minister so eloquently pictured to me yesterday as a tramp. Why don't you go to work like a man and produce sufficient to sustain your miserable body and not depend upon the charity of society for your support?"

Tramp—"I am compelled to lead this life; I have searched high and low for a job, but failed to find it; but if you will tell me what shop or foundry you are working in around here I may possibly strike a job there, so I might."

Millionaire—"Me work in a foundry, you dirty bundle of rags! I should say not. I belong to a class who never soil their hands, and if a woman offered me wood to split I would have an injunction served on her immediately."

Tramp—"Shake hands, pard. Why, we are both in the same line of business. The only difference is that you cost the people more than I do; as you have a better way of getting swag from a guy than I have. You live in a mansion and sail on yachts. When you die a hundred carriages turn out to bury you, while I have to study the 'O's' and 'X's' as well as other secret signs of the business to get on to a decent hand-out. However, I wish you no bad luck, and if the gang don't get on to you, you will be all right, old boy. Good-day."

Now, you can see very plainly that Morgan and his class are a gang of full-blooded tramps and parasites who are living on the fat of the land, while you feed them and let your wife and babies go hungry. Oh, shame on you, with your pretensions to manhood and pride! and leave nothing but slavery and degradation to the little innocents who call you father. Vote for Socialism and leave them free. You will have the proud consolation of knowing that the truest hearts in this country are with you. You will

have the satisfaction of being a man and doing your own thinking, and when you are laid out and cold in death's embrace, some friend or comrade will and can say : "There lies a man who made the world better than he found it." You will be remembered and honored when you are gone, and your children will be proud of your name ; they will say that their father had the spirit of a free man who had to submit to slavery through the stupidity and ignorance of others.

Join this army of heroes who are fighting on the side of Liberty and for the co-operative commonwealth.

It will be a reality all the quicker because you are with us.

You are told that great opportunities are being opened up for young men ; that they can get jobs in Cuba, the Philippine Islands and even in China in the future ; that there is a great scarcity of good servants, both male and female, in those countries, at the present time ; that schools should be established here for the purpose of training them thoroughly, as well as explaining the duties they would have to perform when they got there. Now, you Jasper, your son will be all right in the near future, as he will have a good paying position combing out some Chinaman's pigtail.

Listen to what the Chicago Evening News says in regard to this. (Now, keep quiet just a minute, will you?) : "New opportunities are constantly being opened up to young men who are leaving colleges and schools. All the society ladies of Chicago and New York have decided to hire young men instead of female servants. A reporter for this paper called upon Mrs. Parsons, of Kenwood, this morning and asked her how she liked the change. She said she was more than satisfied with the young men ; that they were more satisfactory than girls. She said that girls were apt to be taken sick just when you wanted them ; that they wanted an afternoon off every week and generally had a fellow who came to see them. They were very independent and even saucy and in a general way hard to manage. Young men are

entirely different ; they are polite and obedient and can stand more hard work."

Now, sir, if you will give your son a college education and find that he is polite and can stand hard work, and can come well recommended, his chances are good for one of those jobs. Now, don't neglect this, for any clodhopper can handle a pick, but it takes a man of brains to powder a lady's face and get her ready for a "pink tea" so that she won't be laughed at. Your son will have a chance to study the habits of babies when they have the whooping-cough or measles, which will be useful to him in later years ; and if in future he should raise a son, himself, he don't have to worry, for he can learn the business from the old man. He can get an evening off, attend a caucus of his party and decide whether the people of the Philippine Islands should enjoy the blessings of a government like ours. The saddest feature of this story is that it is true. If the college-bred young man is watching the seasons for the noble woman to get sick so that he can get her job in the nursery, what is there in store for your son ? Where will the workingman's boy, who is compelled to leave school before he reaches the fourth grade, get a job ? There is just one job waiting for him. He must learn to flip freight trains, dodge town marshals and view the architecture of railroad bridges.

During all the years that the workingman was establishing this slavery with his vote, he was told and he believed that Socialism was dangerous ; but the Plutes will find it harder to fool him in future, as it will be hard to make a hungry man believe that any kind of change will injure him. I fancy I can see this great slumbering giant, the American toiler, wake up. He has made a great many attempts to do so in the past, but the pygmies have invariably hushed him to sleep. He is now resting on his elbows rubbing his eyes. The grafter is trying his lullaby to hush him, but the dawn of a new day has shown on him and he will open, *wide, his eyes*, and stand up like a noble freeman proclaiming

liberty. This liberty can only be obtained through Socialism. Don't waste your time on any other scheme presented to you by the humbug reformer. This gang of compromisers will be very busy in future. They will be ready to offer the people a little of everything, such as single tax, municipal ownership, compulsory arbitration, the people voting direct for senators—down to free silver. But those shams and schemes are all meaningless to the people and are used as is a tin rattler to a crying baby. They will tell the workingman that he can even join the trade's union, if he wants to, as Morgan and his class can handle the trade's union very nicely in future.

The union of today is powerless to handle or cope with the powerful trust. When you consider the method and means now being used by the union labor man to better his condition and break the power of the master class, it is most ridiculous and laughable, and future generations will have good reason for questioning their sanity. It is impossible for any portion of the common people to better their condition under our present system. Suppose it was possible for coal miners to raise their wages to ten dollars a day—could the dollar-a-day man buy coal? No, not any more than he could buy diamonds. If the coal barons were willing to give them this amount each day they worked, could they work two days a month? I don't think so. Suppose that every wage-earner in this country got ten dollars a day, would they be better off than they are now? No; the chances are that their misery would increase with their wages, as the things that the workingman must have and buy are owned and controlled by the master class, and the prices are regulated according to wages. The time is near at hand when there will be no dispute over wages in this or any other country. Your master will feed and clothe you and give you a place to sleep—that is, when he needs you—and will let you name your own wages. You have seen the coal-miners in the past wrangle with the barons for three or four days, in trying to raise the wage scale two or three cents a

ton. If they finally succeeded in getting it, the price of coal went up twenty-five cents a ton next day.

Let me show you the folly of trying to raise your wages, in another way. Armour is at the head of the meat business. Now, what does he really give in exchange for labor? Why, meat, of course, and he will give just so much meat for labor, regardless of whether your wages are one or ten dollars a day; and this will apply to everything else you use and buy. If the workingman should take his master's advice and keep politics out of his union, his condition will be most deplorable in future. In fact, the worker will not be able to find his master. Just think of the workingman trying to find the billion-dollar steel trust he is working for, when he is told that the legal definition of a trust is something without body or soul. It is just some monster, and No. "13" is trying to get more wages from it, so you see that there are no human ties that bind master and man any longer.

You do not know what it is you are working for. You just know it is something called a trust. You know that Morgan is at the head of it; but can you find him? Why, no. He is traveling through Jerusalem, or the Holy Land, surrounded by a thousand slaves, whose duty it is to haul him around and keep mosquitoes from biting him. The great master of the future will handle the strike differently from what he has in the past. And let me say here, my fellow wage slave, that it is with sorrow and a heavy weight on my heart that I draw this picture of the future strike. Morgan's men will go on strike. His hired official will lock the door and say to them: "There is no bad feeling between us, boys, as we all need a long rest, and when you are thoroughly rested and think you would like to return to work, I will see what can be done for you; but let me give you this last word of advice—don't waste your time or bother me with interviews or conferences in future. If I catch a committee around here I will use this bulldog and Gatling gun to tear off their pants and blow out their appetite."

Now the men go direct to the town hall, where they hold a meeting. Speeches are made advising the men to stick and not go back. Those meetings and gatherings are held every day until hunger and want make their appearance. A comrade says his little ones are hungry, another says he is going to be turned out of his miserable shack for non-payment of rent, and that something should be done right off. Next morning ten strikers decide to go back. The official opens the door and says: "I cannot consider your case in batches of ten; you will have to wait until the others are thoroughly rested and come back in gangs of fifty." By begging and pleading with their brothers they get a hungry army of fifty on hand next morning. Again the official opens the door and says: "You fellows must come tomorrow morning at 6 o'clock, when we will be ready to examine you." They return next morning and are ordered to march in one at a time, so as to give the master a chance to turn the X-rays on them and see what condition they are in, what they are worth and what they come to. One will be tagged "fifty cents," another will be labeled "sixty-two and a half," while another will be worth "three bits," and so on up to a dollar a day.

Jerry Sullivan, who is watching all this from the rear ranks, makes a dash for his home and says to his wife: "Kate, I must do something right away to hold on to my standing. Give me that old sweater of mine, let me pull it over my vest, stuff out my ribs and see if I can't get into the dollar gang." When he is all ready, Kate says: "Jerry, God knows I never saw you so stout and good looking before in my life, and be sure you don't turn back or you'll break your luck. And when the light of day, or whatever you call it, is turned on you I hope you will go up to a dollar and five cents, for, God knows, we need the money." When the whole gang is back to work, if the fifty-cent man is unable to carry a piece of steel, a sixty-two-cent man will be called to handle it. This is a dark picture, you will say. Is the writer a union man? Yes, and has been for twenty-five years, and intends

to remain one in the future. And every member of the great Socialist party of America will stick with you 'till the last ditch and help you fight the battle—as most every member of the Socialist party is now a member of a trade union.

But somebody says: "Why do you bother with the union if you say it can accomplish nothing?" But I say the union can work wonders, if it will. "In union there is strength." If the great unions of this country should, as they will and must, declare for Socialism in the near future, their organizations would be able to strike a powerful blow on the side of Liberty.

The Socialist will help the workingmen get together in large numbers, if it is for no other purpose than to kick football just get together for some purpose, then there is some hope.

Your master don't object to your union, because he thinks you can raise your wages or better your condition. But he does object to your union because you get together in large numbers and by some accidental move or motion you are apt to get on to his game and get into Socialism. Yes, if Morgan was thoroughly satisfied that you would steer clear of Socialism, he would help a million of you carry on a strike. But if it is true, as every union man in the country must admit, that the Socialist party is fighting the battle of labor, why don't you help that party? You have been winning strike after strike in the past, and your condition is getting worse. But if you will help us win one clean-cut victory your condition will be getting better as long as you live. Just try it. You may loose your chains, but remember there is a world to gain. When the union man joins the Socialist party he is a good live worker and is clear as crystal on all points. He is thoroughly class-conscious and never expects to run a department store of his own. And here let me say to the Socialist, that your star is shining the world over at the present time. You have every reason to feel encouraged, everything is coming your way, the world is watching the battle you are fighting, your noble and manly pluck, as well as the "no surrender determination,"

will enable you to raise the banner of Liberty which will emancipate the human race. But with all that there is to encourage you, don't forget that there will be a great many schemes, traps and pitfalls laid for you in the near future. You don't have to fear the man outside your party as much as the dishonest or ignorant man within it. Don't forget that many a little middle-class man will get into your party in future. That he will get in to try and save his last stake through trying to cobble or reform this old, tottering competitive system. Municipal ownership for the purpose of lightening taxation will generally be his hobby. But don't be deceived by this claptrap in the name of Socialism, as you will be offered everything you have a mind to mention in future in the shape of municipal ownership—such as bath-houses, milk wagons and jack rabbits.

You have seen the card-player hit the table very hard with his last card; well, this will be the last card in your master's hand, and he is going to hit very hard with it. But don't let the noise confuse you. If you think municipal ownership under a capitalist government is Socialism, you are very badly fooled, as you are only changing the ownership from the capitalist to the politician, and you may possibly reduce the taxes of the little exploiter, which will enable him to carry on his business of robbing the producer.

If the workingman could travel on the street cars for two cents instead of five, his landlord would raise his rent just that much and probably a little more, while he had his hand in; that is if his boss didn't get ahead of him and take it out of his wages.

We have the city ownership of "water works" in Chicago; does it benefit the people? No, and I here state boldly and without fear of contradiction that the people could and would get their water cheaper from a corporation. Just to show you that the writer has good grounds for making this statement, I will say that if you use two faucets in your house they will cost you eleven dollars a year. Let me ask you how much profit the politicians are making on this? Just about ten dollars. If there

is any Socialism in the Chicago water system the charge will not be more than a dollar. Now, what difference does it make to the people whether this robbery is carried on by the politician or the corporation? Not any. If you must be robbed, don't bother about who robs you. Can you talk Socialism to a water employe in Chicago? No; and if they are seen speaking to a Socialist they have to explain to their boss plugger. Every man in this system is ordered to wear a Harrison button during the city campaign. When a caucus or primary has to be carried or packed, the water works' brigade is ordered out to do the work, and they obey at all elections. Now, what will you accomplish by putting another gang of those political hirelings on street cars or anywhere else?

A few years ago the people of the city of Chicago were told that Lincoln Park, with its lions and tigers, was municipal ownership, and a great many thought it was even Socialism; but the politicians on this day, Aug. 6, 1901, are clearing all such doubts from the minds of those innocents by selling the lions, bears and tigers to showmen. They say that the Park Board has no money to feed them; so that your municipal bear can now go into the barnstorming business as well as dancing a jig for his board and clothes. Is this a sample of your municipal ownership? The politician sold the lions for one reason, and that was that in no other way could he get money out of them. But he could get money out of the street-car business by running it and taxing the dupes who rode on the cars.

The people of Philadelphia thought they went into the gas business a few years ago, but the politician soon cleared their minds of such nonsense, as they juggled, bartered and watered municipal gas stock to such an extent that they had to rob the people to get interest. They finally sold the plant outright to a private corporation; and every capitalist paper in this country, including the *Literary Digest*, said it was a setback and a black eye for

Socialism. And the Socialist who indorsed such capitalist schemes deserves little sympathy.

The city of Boston went into the municipal ice business and the politicians raised the price so high that none but plumbers could use it, and we were told that Socialism failed once more. Don't bother with this municipal nonsense. There is no relief in those schemes for the people. You have heard it said that, with municipal ownership, the employes would get higher wages and shorter hours; but suppose the men on street cars in Chicago got four dollars a day, would he be willing to mix with the dollar-a-day hod-carrier? No. Would he be willing to listen to Socialism? Never. Can you talk Socialism with the engineer on the railroad? Why, no; for don't you know that the head of their union, Mr. Arthur, can be seen every afternoon driving through Fifth avenue, New York, with a footman and coachman, in regular competition with the plutes.

If you give high wages to a few men, you are creating a privileged class who will work against the people. You cannot better the condition of a few people under the competitive system without causing many to suffer.

If the street cars were free in Chicago and we had Socialist judges on the bench who would issue injunctions on landlords, butchers, bakers, Lord's Prayer pedlers and all other schemers, prohibiting them from raising prices, then they might possibly be some benefit.

But you say, what will our Socialist officials do if elected, in different places, before we establish Socialism? Yes, I am glad you mentioned that. If you are in the city council, and the Democratic or Republican boodler tries to saddle a bonded indebtedness on the people, get on your feet immediately. Tell them that you are there as a Socialist to watch the interests of the people; that bonds and slavery have gone hand-in-hand all through the ages and that this robbery must be stopped. Don't you see what a nice speech you can make? All the Jaspers in

the gallery will take it in, with their mouth wide open. The "Plain Dealer" will give you a column and a half next day and your speech on Socialism will be read by the people of three counties; while the fellow who made a better speech on a soap box could get nobody to listen to him but an apple woman, two shoe-blacks and a "Weary Willie," who called him crazy.

If the Socialist party is constantly sending men through all parts of this country delivering speeches and hiring halls at a big price, why won't it pay to elect aldermen to make speeches and get halls for nothing? You will never be stuck for an opportunity to make a speech, as you can speak against every bill they introduce; for you will find that they are all rascally.

About two years ago a man named Ridgley, from Kansas, delivered a clean-cut Socialist speech on the floor of Congress in opposition to the gold standard bill, and it was read in every town and cross-roads in this country, and it did more good for Socialism than if he had talked municipal claptrap for twenty years. Just get elected as a Socialist in your town, and see if you won't have bushels of fun with the plug-ugly politician. The chances are that every party in the field will be shouting for municipal ownership during the next presidential campaign. The corporations will offer to sell their railroads to the government at a fabulous price, and of course will take no chances, as they themselves are the government. You would laugh, no doubt, if I told you we had the government ownership of railroads at the present time; but we have.

Will you admit that Chauncey Depew, John M. Thurston, Mark Hanna, with a few other men at Washington, are the government? Now, don't feel big and say you are the government, as those chaps and comrades just mentioned will prove that you are not, if you get on your ear about it. Well, if it is true that they are the government, they certainly own the railroads; so that the railroads are in the hands of the government at the present time. And the only way that you can get an interest in

the railroads or the government is to get the public ownership of government.

I am in favor of Morgan controlling all industries as soon as possible. Then and not until then will we be ready for Socialism. If you think this is the proper thing to do, why do you favor municipal ownership, which will turn a portion of the industries over to the politicians and drive them and Morgan in mad competition for plunder? If it is a question between Morgan and the politician, why do you bother about it? You will now have to admit one of two things—either that this is true or that the politicians are honest. Now, this is a nice, easy little question; I know you can answer it.

How does it happen that every loud-mouthed exploiter from Maine to California, who thinks he has a reform bee in his bonnet, is shouting for government telephone, telegraph and railroads? Now, it is very strange that some one of those reforming heroes don't even accidentally declare for municipal ownership of meat business. No, they say the hungry slave who is out of work and money in this country must have cheap telephone rates right away. What a godsend this cheap telephone will be to Mike Maloney, who leaves his wife and hungry children at 4 o'clock in the morning in search of a job! With a shovel on his shoulder he travels all day in the bitter cold or the boiling sun, with blistered feet and empty stomach and a heavy heart, he can enter a municipal telephone office, providing he has a nickel, and give his wife a detailed account of the business he transacted that day. On entering he will address the "hello" girl this way: "Give me my wife, Mary, if you please; I want to call her down."

Hello Girl—"You mean you want to call your wife up?"

Maloney—"Yes, up or down, whichever you like; it makes no difference to me."

Hello Girl—"Number, please."

Maloney—"Begorra, ma'm, I have no number at the present time, for I lost me job and me number two weeks ago, when Mr.

Gates shut down the steel mill. And by the same token he had to shut it down, for I saw by the paper that the rails broke the market or the market broke the rails, I forget which."

Hello Girl—"You must have forgotten your number and left it at home."

Maloney—"The devil a thing I left at home, ma'm, but the children and the old woman, and she never worked for Mr. Gates in her life; so she couldn't have a number. But, anyway, me name is Mike Maloney; I live in Joliet, and every one in the block, including the grocer, will be glad to know where I am."

After a long search the "hello" girl finds his number and gives him his wife. He begins by saying: "Hello there, Mary! Are you at the other end of this?"

Mary—"Yes, Mike, old boy, this is me. What luck did you have today?"

Mike—"Now, Mary, be sure that this is you, because sometimes they listen on these wires and get on to your business, which gives them a chance to make barrels of money without paying a penny. I searched high and low all day, Mary, but not a job could I find, but they are talking of putting up a building here next week, and I am promised a chance to go into the hod-carrying business. Take good care of yourself and the children, Mary. Start Tommy out after all the stale bread he can lay his hands on. You can stew, boil and fry it and keep yourself in good condition until I get my business started. I am going right away to put salve and plasters on my feet; put my shovel in McCarty's saloon and go to the banquet."

Mary—"Mike, I am afraid your jumper is too dirty to go to a banquet. I wish I had you at home so that I could wash it. But, Mike, say, what a blessing this municipal telephone is! It tastes so sweet and your voice is louder than in the old style. Good-bye, Mike, and I hope you will look better than any other business man on the floor of the banquet."

This shows how ridiculous it is to talk municipal telephone

to the hungry man of today. This shows the business he has to transact over it. The workingman of this country was better off before telephones were invented. He is not suffering for gas or street cars, but he is suffering for the abolition of the wage, profit, rent and interest system, which has and will enslave the world and will continue to do so until wiped out. And any man or woman who is trying to better the condition of the people and let them stand in any shape is either a fool or a humbug and should not be considered seriously by the people, no matter what his name is, where he came from or what party he belongs to.

Of course, you have all heard of the single-tax reformers. They are a very noisy type, and for that reason can be picked out in every town and city without any trouble. They wear good clothes, have plenty of money and do no work, and they break even between the Democratic and Republican parties on election day. They kill time between elections by tagging, breaking up and disturbing Socialist meetings. It is the general opinion that there is a capitalist mouse in the single-tax meal. So look out for them. I will not tire you, my dear fellow, with a long story on this single-tax humbug; not but what I could tell a story as long as the Litany of the Saints about them, as I have had many a pleasant debate with them in different parts of this country. This is like all the ante-dated, revamped and worn-out issues of the past. Even if we were willing to admit that there ever was any logic to it, the modern, up-to-date billion-dollar trust has knocked it sky-high.

The single-taxer proposes to collect all taxes from land; that buildings, machinery, as well as all other forms of wealth, shall be exempt. He says that the value of land should be taxed; and in this way it would be impossible for men to keep large tracts of land out of use. He says the taxes on vacant land would be raised so high that the owner would be compelled to surrender it to the city, state or nation. This being done, he says the city would sell it at auction to the highest bidder. He says that we

THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF LABOR.

are suffering for keen competition and that this plan would give us all we wanted. He says that access to land will abolish involuntary poverty. He says that if Rockefeller tries to shift his tax on the people they could go to bed in the dark and get square with him. If you don't agree with this fellow, he will stamp his foot and tell you you know nothing about single tax; but I once told such a fellow that I had some faith in it until I knew all about it; then I laughed at it.

They say that every man, woman and child would be a single-taxer if they knew anything about it. A great many of the big capitalist dailies of this country are favorable to the single tax. For instance, the Chicago Times-Herald, which is the McKinley mouthpiece of the West, says it should be given a trial. While the Boston Herald was very sorry it got defeated in the state of Michigan, where it came within one vote of becoming a law. Do you begin to see the capitalist mouse? You say yes. All right, I thought you would.

Just ask the regular standard little single-taxer of your town a few playful questions like the following, and see if you don't have some fun with him: If it is true that access to land will abolish all brand or breed of poverty, how does it happen that the poor who were given the use of all vacant land in the city of Detroit, seven years ago, free of all taxes, with the seed thrown in, are reported in worse condition than when they started? The reason is that it was impossible for them to produce from the land sufficient to buy the things that were produced by the modern machine and which they had to have or perish. If access to land will abolish poverty, how does it happen that the fish of the sea are controlled by a trust? We are all supposed to have access to the ocean, but cases of starvation are reported every day, and the single-taxer must admit that those lives could be saved with a little fish. Why don't they all eat fish? The reason is just this, that the great tools used in catching fish are controlled by a few, as the only tools within reach of the poor could be no more ex-

pensive than a crooked pin. If the trust controls the products of the ocean now, why couldn't it control the products of the earth under single tax? Can a man without money or work get any portion of this land when it is sold at auction by the government? All single-taxers say no. You must have money to bid on land that has value. Well, where can the man without money get land? His answer is that he can move away out and settle on land which has no value. How can he get a start without money on land that has no value? His answer is that he can borrow money at a low rate of interest and build him a house. But just think of a man borrowing money sufficient to build a house and give land which had no value as security. Just watch your little single-tax dodger squirm at this point. If he has a watch he will pull it out and tell you he must catch a train. All single-taxers admit that they would be a renting class under that system. All right. Now, suppose that Jones and Smith own adjoining lots; Smith is a millionaire; Jones a dollar-a-day man. Now, both lots are taxed alike and all buildings that might be put on them in future are exempt. Jones, by dieting and trying the economy scheme on himself and family, is able to put up a four-room hut, which will give him a chance to stay on the earth. Now, Smith puts up a ten-story flat building and rents the top flat for sufficient to pay the land taxes. Is it not true that Smith has shifted his land tax on the back of the unfortunate tenant on the top flat? Does Smith pay any land tax? Not a penny. How long will it take Jones to catch up to his neighbor? About the time that Gabriel sounds his horn.

This is the reason that the millionaire class of the Tom Johnson stripe is fighting for single tax, as it would be entirely exempt under its operations.

Suppose that Smith would put one of those shoe machines in the basement which would turn out four-dollar shoes in thirty-two minutes—how long will it take the dollar-a-day Jasper, next door, to catch up to him?

No, it is the possession and ownership by a few of the great Modern Machine that is enslaving the world and will continue to do so until Socialism is established, which will give all an ownership in the machine, when wealth will be produced for the use of the people without profit, rent or interest. Then people can build themselves homes on land they will own without consulting the Money Shark. Then there will be one trust, which will control the products of both sea and land and all the people will be in it. There will be no exploited tenant on the tenth flat, as everybody will be entitled to a home on the earth.

If a machine is making four-dollar shoes in the basement at a labor cost of six cents, it will be a blessing to all. But you are told by the hired newspaper and well-fed college professor that the Socialists are a dangerous, lazy lot of fellows who won't work. Well, let us see if that is true. During the presidential campaign of 1900 a vote for president was taken among the convicts at Joliet state prison, Illinois. McKinley was ahead, Bryan second, with Woolley, Prohibitionist, one; and not a solitary Socialist vote was cast there! And this proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that the Socialists are thinkers and workers and have no time to bother with jails.

Don't let the paid schemer and lying super discourage you in regard to Socialism. If you have not studied its principles, you should do so immediately. That is all we ask, as we are thoroughly satisfied that if you do so, you will help the people to break the chains that bind them.

If you are a Socialist, the chances are that you are working night and day trying to convince others. Once in a while you meet a very smart Aleck who will kick like a steer on your hands. Don't lose your temper at any stage. Tell him you are very glad that you met such an intelligent fellow and that it is a pleasure to talk to him. Don't even tell him that he don't know anything about Socialism, as he is feeling very big at this stage of the game. Now, he will interrupt you continually and fight like a tiger for a

chance to do all the talking himself. But just as soon as you get him thoroughly interested he is as still as Morgan during a labor strike. When you leave him he will tell you that Socialism is just the thing, but when can we get it? He will say that the people don't know enough to vote for it, and if the d—— fools would stick together we would be able to have it right away. Let all your arguments be of a simple and, if possible, of an amusing character.

In this way your arguments will make an impression on him and he will repeat them to others. Don't tell him to study Marx or Engels right away; as you should give him an opportunity to learn his first lessons before you put him in a high-school grade. You once in a while meet a man who is down so low, intellectually, that he will indorse everything you say without grasping its meaning. When you get through talking to him he will tell you that we always had rich and poor and we always will, and that Divine Providence intended it to be so; that the poor are sent here for a short time to prepare their souls for everlasting happiness above. Now, don't bother or waste any time on this fellow, as Socialism will appeal to the intelligent man only, and life is too short to bother with others.

This is a sample of what you must do to get the average man to understand Socialism. I spent the summer and fall of 1900 campaigning through this country in the interest of the Social Democratic ticket. It was down in southern Illinois that I had to stop at a farmer's house all night. My host was an agreeable fellow and a thorough believer in Bryan. I talked Socialism to him until two in the morning, when he said in a sleepy and sheepish tone: "McSweeney, I can't understand Socialism. It is too complicated for me and I must confess that I can't grasp it." I felt tired and discouraged and moved an adjournment, which he seconded and we both retired. But while chatting on the veranda, next morning, a beautiful herd of cows came up to the spring for their morning drink. I said: "Are those cows all yours?" "Yes,"

he said. I told him it was strange that all the cows in this part of the country had no horns. "Yes," he said, "they are a breed which have no horns, and we like them in this part of the country. But," he said, "you see them two biggest in the bunch?" I said "Yes." "Well," he said, "they had horns, but I sawed them off." I asked him why he did so, and he said that "they horned the others continually and kept them from eating and drinking." "Not only that," he said, "but they done so much horning that they had no time to eat or drink, themselves." And ever since he removed their horns they, as well as the others, got fat, and he had no trouble with them. I told him that that was exactly what Socialism meant, as there are a few men in this country who have horns and are stopping the people from eating and drinking. I told him we did not intend to act as cruelly as he did, as he removed natural horns and disfigured those beautiful animals, while we proposed to remove just artificial horns from our animals, which would restore them to their natural appearance. He hit me on the shoulder and said: "Is that what you Socialists mean?" I said "Yes." He said: "I will vote and work for Socialism as long as I live, and I never could understand it before." And he kept his word, as he worked like a hero for our ticket.

A Republican friend of mine met me a few days after the Republican convention of 1900, which nominated McKinley at Philadelphia. He said: "What do you think of our ticket? Don't you think it will sweep the country, and don't you think our platform a good one?" I said: "I read your platform carefully and I see that you favor a trust that will raise wages." He said: "That is right." I told him we Socialists stood for that kind of a trust. I told him I noticed that his platform stood for a trust that would not raise prices or limit production. He said he believed in that kind of a trust. I told him we Socialists were fighting for that kind of a trust also, and that he and I differed and separated at just one little point on the trust question; and that was in regard to how many would go into it. He favored a trust with a few in,

while I wanted a trust with all the people in, him and me included. And if he would agree to throw down the bars and let hod-carriers and banana men in, he and I could fight the battle side by side. He asked if that was what Socialism meant, and on being assured that it was, he declared himself ready to work and vote for Socialism in future. And he kept his word.

I merely mention those little incidents to show what anybody can do by simple illustrations.

The average so-called smart, shrewd business man is most amusing when you discuss economic questions with him. Let me give you an illustration: The comrades in an Indiana town told me that they had a very smart business man there who was constantly bothering them and fighting Socialism, and asked me to go and see him and have a talk with him. I said that I would be delighted to meet a chap like him; so we got to his place of business and they gave me an introduction to him. I started the ball rolling by saying: "You seem to have a very quiet town here, with very little life in the people." He said: "Yes; one reason for that is that we are outside the gas belt, and of course can have no glass works or anything of that kind here. We had one manufacturer here, who recently moved away to a town which offered him better inducements than we did, but he certainly crippled this town when he left us." I said: "Was there no way you could coax or entice him to remain?" He said: "No. He gave us no warning, but just pulled up stakes and got out when he was ready." But he said: "We intend to submit the matter of bonding the town for seven thousand dollars to the people at the spring election. If it goes through, the town will furnish land; the money we will put out on building a shop and equipping it thoroughly with machinery, which we will offer as an inducement to some capitalist to come here and put our people to work." I said: "My friend, you will have to make this matter a little plainer to me, as I am slightly mixed on it. Now, you say that the town will furnish the land?" "Yes." "The town will furnish the

building and machinery?" "Yes." "The town will furnish the labor?" "Yes." "Now, what is this man who is going to get a deed to the land, shop and machinery supposed to furnish?" "Well," he said, "this is what they do everywhere, and of course we must have a capitalist who will run things." I said: "Now, suppose you get the shop all ready and advertise in the newspapers for a capitalist? In a few days you receive a letter from John Smith, of Liverpool, England, who tells you he has been a capitalist for a great many years; that he can give you the very best of bank reference, etc.; that he is willing to take the deeds of your factory and help your people along. Now, he don't have to come here, as you have everything in readiness to start work. When you send him the deeds he will sit down and write you a letter something like this:

"Liverpool, Eng., June 15, 1901.

"To the Honorable James Fish, Mayor of Suckertown, Ind.,
U. S. A.:

"Dear Sir—In answer to your letter of recent date, will say that your people deserve great credit for their enterprise. The deeds arrived all right. Many thanks for the same, and I will do all in my power to make your town prosperous and your people happy.

"On looking over the map of your state I find that your town is in the heart of a wooded country and that most of this timber is peculiarly adapted for making washtubs. Start your people out on the north side of town; have them cut down and saw those trees; see that they start at a proper time and give me an honest day's work; tell your people to make me a neat-appearing tub with four hoops on it, as anything else will not stand the climate in the Philippine Islands and China. I intend to pay your people all I can afford.

"When they get ten washtubs made, just ship nine of them

to this city at my expense. And if I find this amount is not forthcoming I will have your people arrested for larceny.

"Yours affectionately,

"John Smith,

"Liverpool, England."

My shrewd, level-headed business man got thinking at this point and asked me what I would suggest doing. I told him that if his people furnished the land, furnished building and machinery, furnished labor and lumber, there was no good reason why they should not own all the washtubs they made. When the worker makes ten tubs, let him own them all instead of one. You can sell your washtubs in any part of the country, as you can sell them so cheap that no other town can compete with you. Your people will be happy and contented, your town will be rolling in wealth and you will have a monopoly of the washtub business.

But I told my friend that if he objected to Socialism he had better ship his washtubs to Liverpool. He said he would study Socialism right away. Don't think this picture overdrawn, as I know of dozens of towns and cities who have built and equipped shops and given them away, as well as most of the products, to a capitalist who permitted them to work. "Yes, that's right; they should build themselves a good, substantial insane asylum and advertise for some level-headed fellow to come and take care of them." Then there would be great danger and misfortunes in store for the people of this Indiana town, if they kept all their washtubs at home, for don't you remember that the little two-by-four professor says that Socialism would give them all the same-colored eyes and compel them to eat their beefsteak rare. But if you want a dull town where every man, woman and child seems to be idle and trying to kill time, just get into a farming town in any part of this country. When you get off the train you meet the two hotelkeepers, who will play tug-of-war with you and your grip for a chance to sell you a supper and a bed. You will find the old ramshackled wagons tied around the square and the

owners on the sidewalk discussing the weather and crops.

The farmer of this country is in bad shape at the present time. It is true that in most cases he has a clean place to sleep and an abundance of pure air, which the wage-earner in the city has not. But it is also true that if the wage-earner in the city gets a job, he is reasonably certain of getting some little for it. But the farmer can work and delve night and day and get nothing for it. For instance, the government report shows that it costs twenty-six cents to raise a bushel of corn in the state of Illinois. What guarantee has the farmer got that it will bring that? But you say he don't have to sell it; he can feed it to cattle if it don't bring what it costs. Yes, but does he know what he will get for the cattle? No; the meat combine settles that. He knows that it will cost him just so much time and money to fatten a hog, but he must accept a price that is made by the plute and is furnished him through the hog column of his newspaper. His paper will also give him a price on hams and bacon in case he wanted to buy back a portion of his hog. The trust gives him a price on barb-wire. In short, he is compelled to buy and sell every conceivable thing at another man's price, and a great many call him prosperous and free and don't have to laugh when telling him.

The railroad barons, when arranging their freight and passenger schedules in the past, have taken the prospects and condition of the farmer's crop as a guide and have openly and publicly stated they would charge all the traffic would bear. Just think of what this means to the farmer! It means that he will be left sufficient to keep life in his body, which the baron considers necessary in order that he will be able to produce more. It means that the baron decides the question of his child wearing shoes or not. It means that the baron decides whether the farmer shall ride on the train and visit his friends or not. In fact, it means that the very life, liberty and happiness of the farmer and his family are held in the baron's palm. But just think of what a huge joke they play on the farmer when they make him think he has been

governed at Washington! It is claimed by a great many that the farmer is to some extent exploiting labor himself; that he is hiring help for a little or nothing and squeezing all he can out of their hide, is true. But the brutal system he is voting for and living under compels him to do this or get off the earth.

The man who is carrying his son on his back to the coal mines in Pennsylvania is also compelled to exploit his own flesh and blood, and the man who sends his wife into the factory is compelled to exploit the woman he loves.

The farmers of this country at the present time are made up of a squatting or renting class who have been driven and hounded all over the earth by the greed of capitalism. But the farmer seems to be the most confused, mixed-up and easily led man in the country. Just think of them holding mass meetings just now and praying aloud to the angel Gabriel for sufficient rain to keep their little crops from burning, when, if they would establish Socialism they could exploit and harness the grand resources of nature and snap their finger at the angel Gabriel by establishing a beautiful system of irrigation which would save their crops, whether they had rain or not. But the farmer will and must get into Socialism. It is his only hope and salvation, as it don't make any difference whether a man is a farmer or an apple pedler in future; his master will catch him even though he go to the uttermost ends of the earth.

This is a sample of the farmer's prosperity at the present time: A man who owns a farm of one hundred and sixty acres, free from all debts, in the great wheat-growing belt of Minnesota came to Chicago a few weeks ago in search of a job, and is at the present time working in Jackson Park at a dollar and forty cents a day. He says that he bought his farm twenty years ago and lived on it ever since. He says that he can get something to eat on it, but money is out of the question. He says it is impossible for anybody to make a living on a farm at the present time.

Now, you little political super, who have done nothing all your

life but pack caucuses and conventions, come and tell this big-hearted, honest man, who has had twenty years' experience, about the prosperity of the farmer. He will tell you that you are talking through your little six-and-a-quarter hat. The industrial commission which has been investigating the condition of the farmer for the last two years, and who is trying to bolster up and conceal his actual condition, says that the farmer of this country is making less than twenty dollars a month, board not included. You notice the word "less" in there between the lines, but how much less is not stated. But just think of this plute farmer who has an income of twenty dollars a month and can save it all except what it takes to feed, clothe and educate his family! Is it any wonder that they can afford to come from Minnesota to Jackson Park? Lack of space only compels me to end this sad story of the American farmer, as I would like to tell you some more of the robbery he is submitting to. But let me give the farmer this last word of advice: You have been kicked and cuffed by every political party which sprung up in this country for the past fifty years. They always had a plank to catch you. You tried them all, and you found that your condition got worse and your misery increased. Now we ask you to assist us in establishing Socialism, by joining and voting with the great Socialist party of America. We don't tell you that it is possible to save any little you may have or even better your condition under the present system. But with your assistance we can establish the Co-operative Commonwealth, which will give Liberty and Justice to you, as well as to all others. It will stop all traffic in human flesh which you see today on every side.

I ask you if there is any difference between the Democratic and Republican parties and their so-called issues which concerns the people? I don't think so.

McKinley says gold standard; Bryan says 16 to 1. Now, if it can be shown that the great majority of our people are not interested in the money question at all, at the present time, then all

this money talk is rot and nonsense. We are told by the commissioner of labor at Washington that seventy-six per cent of the people own three per cent of the wealth. Now, you see that this portion of the people, which constitute the working or producing class, are paupers and beggars, who don't own wealth of any description whatever. You are also told that money is a measure of wealth and has no real value in itself. Now, mind you, this is admitted by all and of course it's true. But still they tell you, fight for a measure of wealth, and in the same breath tell you that you have none to be measured.

What would you think of two farmers who would fight and blacken each other's eyes in regard to the size and quality of a bushel basket to measure potatoes and when separated and reasoned with would admit that they had no potatoes planted? Suppose that two men who had fought over the size of a bushel basket while the potato peddler stood waiting at the door, would come out and say, "Mr. Peddler, we have decided after fighting eleven rounds, that this is the style basket we want." The peddler would say: "I pity such a pair of simpletons. You should stop your fighting and have better sense, as I intend to put just as many potatoes as I please in your basket." Don't you see that the money question is just trash and not worth discussing. If you vote for Socialism you will get the potatoes and not the basket.

McKinley says trusts; Bryan says anti-trusts. Let me say that in regard to trusts, and in fact all other matters, the Republican party is the most logical, the most candid, and the most definite with the people, as they come right out in the open and tell them what they mean. For instance, I happened to be at Jacksonville, Illinois, on the day that the Republicans opened their state campaign of 1900. I have reason to remember, as I addressed a large gathering the same day on the public square and used the regulation soap box for a platform. They had a grand parade, with several bands of music; they carried a Gatling gun, with a dinner-

pail and an American flag tied to it ; also a sign which read : "This is what you get if McKinley is elected." And of course the Jaspers cheered and clapped their hands.

This party told the workingman that if McKinley was elected there would be a can of food—no more, no less—coming to him. They told him that Depew, McKinley and God Almighty would find a market for the balance.

Bryan said that if he were elected he would regulate matters for Oom Paul right away ; that Aguinaldo could come out of his hiding hole—not be "It" any longer ; that the Cuban would have reason to be thankful, as he could hold on to his gun and shoot jack rabbits in or out of season, as he saw fit. I want to show here plainly that, as far as the workingman was concerned, that McKinley was just a can of food ahead of Bryan. Bryan says the trusts can be broken up. McKinley and his party say no—they are too powerful ; that they are the government itself ; that there is no government outside of theirs, and he has proven it by putting a member of the billion-dollar steel trust in his cabinet. Again, don't you see that McKinley is more logical and even more honest, as Bryan never expected or intended to disturb the trusts, if he could, as most all the leaders of his party in 1900 were up to their eyes in trusts. For instance, the Chicago Chronicle, which is a Bryan paper, showed and proved the day after he was nominated for governor of Ohio that John R. McLean and Mark Hanna were both into the same and the biggest trusts in the country. But McLean went on the stump for Bryan and denounced trusts. Van Wyck took the stump for Bryan and denounced trusts, but at the same time was running a trust in New York city which made it possible for the lady of the house to put a sign up asking the iceman if he wouldn't please put the ice under the door, so that the mice wouldn't eat it.

Clark of Montana went on the stump for Bryan, but it is said that he is into more trusts than any other man in this country,

not to speak of the perjury trust which he started to make a senator of him.

Whitemore of St. Louis was a loud anti-trust shouter, and as head of the tobacco trust he is levying a special tax on every pipe and cigar-smoker in the land.

Whitney, the Standard Oil man, was a loud Bryan shouter during the last campaign and denounced trusts and monopolies in the strongest language. Of course this list would not be complete without some mention of the ever-memorable Croker, who said he despised all forms of gambling, whether it was done through a trust or a race track.

And now comes the blackest-hearted Roman of them all—Governor Steunenberg of Idaho. This is a man who was elected by the Fusion or Populist, Silver Republican and Democratic vote of his state. The workingmen marched through the different towns and cities of the state; they had bands of music and burned red fire; they carried brooms on their shoulders and hurrahed for Steunenberg, but, alas! it was all a dream. Thinking that they had a friend in the governor's chair, the union miners decided to strike and demand better terms from the Rockefeller trust, which practically owns the state. Just as soon as they did this "16-to-1" hero opened up correspondence with McKinley at Washington; he said, as was shown, that a regiment of colored troops should be held in readiness, as the local officials could not be depended on to face the striker. To quote his own words on the stand at Washington, he hurried off and held a long conference with the trust barons, and they there and then decided to build an earthly h——, called a "bull-pen."

He had the union miners brought to the surface in cagefuls even before they had time to strike, and, with clothes dripping with water, put them in this dungeon. Hundreds of them were left there for months—so long that their clothing, which rotted from their bodies, were found to be covered with vermin. Some went insane and used their teeth to gnaw the flesh from their

bones, while others have never been heard of to this day. The silver hero said that the permit and kidnaping systems were the creations of his brain, and he alone was responsible for them. The kidnaping system gave him the right to chase and capture union miners who ran for their lives into neighboring states, bring them back in irons and, without any charge or process of law, throw them into the bull-pen.

The permit system meant that any man or woman who wanted to work within the borders of that state had to apply at General Merriam's military headquarters for an application for permit to seek employment. He was compelled to swear that all the printed statements in this application were true before he could get a permit. You see, he was compelled to perjure himself and furnish false evidence against his brother so that he could get permission to seek employment.

These words are quoted from the application: "Believing the crimes committed at Wardner on the 29th of April, 1899, were actively incited, encouraged and perpetrated through and by means of the influence and direction of the miner's union of the Coeur d'Alenes, I hereby express my unqualified disapproval of said acts and hereby renounce and forever abjure all allegiance to the said miners' union, of which I was a former member, and I solemnly pledge myself not to again seek membership in any society." He was compelled to raise his right hand and swear that this was true; then he got permission to seek a master. As you will see by the date, all this happened on the eve of a national campaign. The politicians took count of stock and found that the wholesale murder and slaughter committed by both parties in that state was likely to wake up the slumbering herd all over the country, and they got frightened. Both parties were equally guilty, as the gold standard federal bayonet did duty on one side of the bull-pen, while the "16-to-1" Gatling gun did duty on the other. The politicians of both parties got together and decided to call a sham investigation at Washington. It was during this in-

vestigation that Governor Steunenberg admitted on the stand that he was responsible for all. It was also proven that the trust barons burned their own mining property, which was insured for double its value. When the committee adjourned, the politicians of both parties again got together, with Congressman Lentz representing the Democrats, and decided that the "bull-pen" should not be made an issue in the coming campaign; that it was a state affair and of no concern to the nation. And as both parties used the Aguinaldo and expansion rattler on the voter, it must be admitted that they kept their word. But somebody says the Democratic party did not approve of all this, but let me say to you, my dear fellow, that they did heartily, as this "16-to-1" monster, with blood still fresh on his hands, led his state delegation, with flying colors, to the Kansas City convention. He was received with open arms and loud applause, while every band in the convention played "See the Conquering Hero Comes!"

Do you now see any difference between the Democratic and Republican "con man," as far as the people are concerned? Not any. As you can see with a half an eye that they are playing the same game and serving the same master; in fact the master class has always found two parties necessary to rob and enslave the people. The game cannot be played with one party any more than you can play checkers with one set of men. And we of the Socialist party are anxiously awaiting the day and time when the politicians will be compelled to stand together and tear off the mask of the hypocrite which they have worn so long.

McKinley says expansion; Bryan says anti-expansion; and again we find McKinley more logical. This is what Bryan says to the voter: "Uphold the wage and profit system at the ballot box; turn the wealth which you produce in large quantities over to your master, but don't allow him to sell it, no matter if the stuff does rot and you perish for want of it."

Suppose you put me to work making coats. I make eleven each day and give you ten, but tell you that it is wrong to sell

them; you would truthfully say, "Why, you miserable humbug, why do you consider it right to give me so many coats and consider it wrong for me to sell them?" So that the man who stands for the wage and profit system, which means robbery, and declares expansion wrong is either a deceiver or a fool; and I don't know which is the most dangerous. But Socialism will stop expansion as the exploiter will only have his own stomach for a market.

"High tariff," says McKinley; "low tariff," says Bryan. On this point they are even, as the tariff is and always has been a humbug.

A protective tariff is supposed to be the difference in wages here and in other countries; but if, as is shown by official reports, the coal-miner of Pennsylvania receives less wages than the coal-miner of Germany, with a dollar a ton duty on coal, then of course the tariff question is too trashy to even discuss. Then again most all the great trusts are becoming international in their scope and can snap their finger at all tariff laws.

But just listen to Bryan and his little "penny-a-liner" newspaper tell about breaking up trusts. When I was a boy the old people said that a dog barking at the moon was a sign of rain, but in Bryan's case it seems to be an indication of frost. Now, sir, as my story, such as it is, is drawing to a close, and I may never have the pleasure of a chat with you again, let me remind you that if you voted for Bryan or McKinley you must not consider yourself a part, or in any way belonging to those parties, as both of those parties have no more than twenty-five members each in this country, and I don't think that you are one of them.

Yes, I am going to explain. Now we will say that you voted for Bryan; what did you have to do with naming or selecting the delegates which nominated him at Kansas City? If it can be shown that you had no more to do with it than Sitting Bull, then you will probably admit that you are no part of the party. A list giving the name and address of every delegate who went from the

state of Illinois was published in the Chicago newspapers six months before you held your primary or state convention. They were named by two Chicago politicians who notified your central committee man six months later to call caucuses and primaries and select sham delegates to endorse this list, which they did. The caucus chairman as well as the delegates named were selected by the politician in advance.

Well, you just try an opposition ticket at the primaries and see if the grafter don't have bushels of fun with you before you get through. You will be despised, called a kicker and a bolter from your party, and if you get five votes to their one the matter is referred to the central committee, from whose decision there is no appeal. And they tell you, without a smile, that your ticket is not regular; that you are a kicker and should be ashamed of yourself.

Now when we Socialists refer to the Democratic or Republican party in future, please bear in mind that the cap don't fit you and remember that the above is true of both parties. But if you are a member of the Socialist party you will vote direct for all nominees; you will be called on to settle questions which concern all the people and their welfare. You will not be asked to break up an up-to-date, labor-saving machine like the trust, as you would be just as logical if you said you would break up the great harvesting machine. For if you take the advantage of saving labor away from any trust it will fall, crumble and decay of its own accord. You will not be asked to set back the hands on the Dial of Time and compel the shoemaker to spend twelve hours making a pair of shoes which can be made just as well by the modern machine in thirty-two minutes. You will become satisfied that the trust, as well as all other great machines, are the natural and inevitable outcome of the competitive system and cannot be stopped.

You will agree with the great thinkers of the world that there is but one remedy left for the people, and that is to own and con-

